

WARHAMMER HALFLINGS



WARHAMMER
ARMIES

HALFLINGS



By Mathias "M4cR1113n" Eliasson

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Written by: Mathias Eliasson

Cover Art: benwotten

Graphic Design: Mathias Eliasson

Illustrations: Alex Boyd, terekjet, kraken steelklaw, ringbearer80, caramitten, JonHodgson, EatToast, em1lyxstrange, Lord Of The Guns, ColdFlame1987

Source Material: Games-Workshop, WFRP, Wayne Oldfield, Josh R4444s, Sir Galahad de Corbenic, MLP, Bill J. Wilson, Kevin Coleman, Gavin Tyler, Tom Sambles, David L. Stone, Lndn9283

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to Warhammer Armies: Halflings. This is your definite guide to collecting, painting and playing with a Halfling army in the Warhammer tabletop wargame.

The Warhammer Game

The Warhammer rulebook contains the rules you need to fight battles with your Citadel miniatures in the war-torn world of Warhammer. Every army has its own Army Book that works with these rules and allows you to turn your collection of miniatures into an organised force, ready for battle. This particular Army book details everything you need to know about Halflings, and allows you to field their armies in your games of Warhammer.

Why Collect Halflings?

This book describes in detail the troops that march to battle when the armies of the Halflings go to war. Halflings are a race of short humanoids dwelling primarily in The Moot. Halflings are known for their excellent produce and cooking, as well as their skills with the bow.

The Halflings of the Moot are a peaceful and pastoral people, but their bravery in defence of their homeland should not be doubted. Their armies are primarily made up of Halfling Militia fighting with whatever weapons they can come up with, but they also bring their dangerous farm yard animals, hot soup and angry wives with them, making them a small but dangerous foe to face!

How this Book Works

Every Army Book is split into sections that deal with different aspects of the army. Warhammer Armies: Halflings contains the following:

The Hungry Horde

This section introduces the Halflings and its part in the Warhammer world. It includes their society and history. You will also find information on the Moot, the Halfling lands.

Halfling Bestiary

Every character and troop type in the Halfling army is examined in this section. Firstly, you will find a description of the unit, outlining its place in the army. Secondly, you will find complete rules for the unit and details of any unique powers they possess or specialist equipment they carry into battle. Also included are the Halfling special characters – Nicholas Warfoot, Clegg, Gabbo Flugbend and several others.

The Halfling Army

This section contains photographs of the miniatures available for your Halfling army.

Halfling Army List

The army list takes all of the warriors and creatures presented in the Halfling Bestiary and arrange them so that you can choose a force for your games. The army list separates them into Lords, Heroes, Core, Special and Rare units. Each unit type has a points value to help you pit your force against an opponent's in a fair match. This section includes Bric-a-Brac & Hand-Me-Downs, magic items that you can give to your characters.

Find Out More

While Warhammer Armies: Halflings contains everything you need to play the game with your army, there are other books and updates to be found. For the other books in the series and the latest rules updates, visit:

www.warhammerarmiesproject.blogspot.com





THE HUNGRY HORDE

Halflings are short and stout humanoids, compared to that of Men, with chubby faces and potbellies. They grow no facial hair and at a glance, even an adult Halfling may be mistaken for a human child. Halflings need not wear any shoes or boots, as their feet are naturally protected by a thick layer of skin on the soles of their feet with a patch of hair on top to keep them warm. This makes Halflings exceptionally good at sneaking quietly through woods and other habitats where boots would encumber their trek and create too much alerting noise. Halflings dwell in a small rural land at the edge of the Empire, known as Mootland, or simply The Moot. They are a peaceful folk that prefer enjoying the simpler luxuries of life such as farming, gardening and eating, rather than military or heroic ventures.

Halflings are an overfed and peaceful folk, more concerned with the welfare of their crops and herds and the timing of the next meal than with military pursuits.

They are excellent hosts, welcoming and trusting, happy to provide food and shelter to travellers. Nevertheless, they are a determined, even stubborn race and will defend their homes, livelihoods, and lunch with considerable vigour, even though they are not effective fighters.

They may strive manfully to raise a militia in the face of some threat and may show considerable individual courage in defending their homes, but their size and unwarlike nature counts heavily against them.

There are only two occasions for a Halfling to march into war. The first occasion is when they are forced to defend their homeland, the Moot. The second occasion is when the Emperor calls them to provide troops for his army.

They are somewhat vertically challenged, rosy checked (no doubt due to the quantity of ale and imported wine they consume), boast hairy feet (even the women folk), and are generally described as having a 'well fed' look about them.

They are seen as peaceful, well meaning, honest, caring sharing, simple rural folk. That is, by people who have never actually met one, never mind someone who has met one up close, behind the pointy end of a well concealed dagger.

Halflings are not especially war like in the broad sense of the term, they are mostly game wardens, watchmen, farmers and foresters.

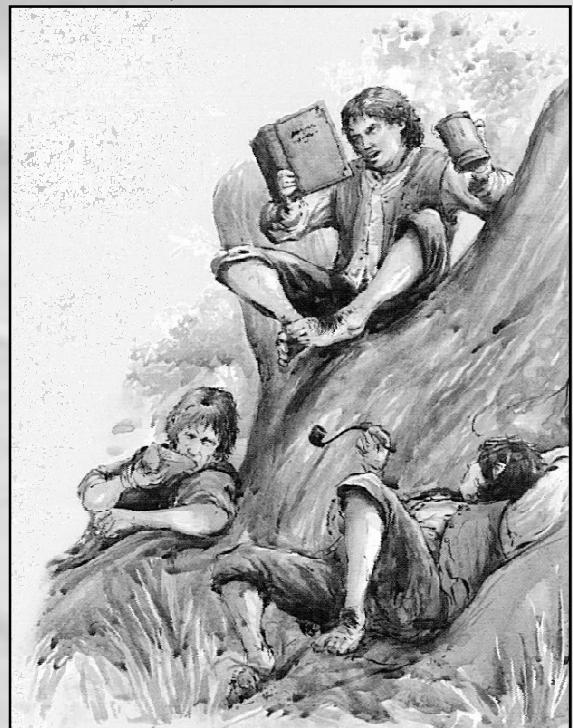
True there is the odd exception. At least half the population could be described as poachers, thieves and vagabonds. The rest are hungry, but tomorrow is another day.

Halflings are not especially warlike by nature and their troopers are for the most part country watchmen, game wardens and foresters. Even so, they are willing fighters and very capable bowmen. Their natural ability to infiltrate woods and move quickly through dense undergrowth means that they can accomplish tasks that would be impossible to Men.

Halflings vary between three feet and four feet in height. They are rotund, squat, often pot-bellied, and nowhere near as powerfully-built as Dwarfs. They do not grow beards or facial hair, other than the side-burns sported by elderly and well-to-do male Halflings, but their hands and feet are covered in hair, and are surprisingly large for such small people. The hairiness of their feet is a constant source of pride to all Halflings, and they generally go around barefoot.

They live in closely-knit communities and they are rarely troubled by other races.

Sitting comfortably under an evening sun, one would most often see a Halfling sitting reclined under a tree, munching, smoking and laughing. As they generally keep to themselves and avoid trouble, most Halflings live long, peaceful lives. Some Halflings however cannot find peace in such a familiar atmosphere and they seek adventures like those in the stories they were told when they were young. Every so often a village Elder succumbs to this wanderlust, and when his unrest becomes



unbearable he rounds up a group of other like-minded Halflings to head out and change the world.

The Halflings are a strange people; speculated by some to be one of the last attempts of the Old Ones to create a magically resistant race, a lost hope to stop the spread of Chaos from the poles. They are not a violent people, and most are content to live in their homes by their fires, routinely eating excessive amounts with their many friends and family and eagerly awaiting the coming of Pie Week, their annual 'religious' festival.

However, there are a few Halflings who suffer from wanderlust or a need to live a more meaningful life. These 'adventure loving weirdoes' have two choices; band together as bows for hire, or become one of the Fieldwardens.

Despite their peaceful outlook, the Halflings have proven that they are more than capable of defending their realm. The Halflings have not only suffered at the hands of the Orc war hosts, but the Moot shares a border with the blighted lands of Sylvania, and so they have fought the legions of the Undead in and beyond the years of the Vampire Wars.

Halflings are some of the greatest cooks and eaters in the world. They live a happy peaceful existence in a autonomous region of the Empire known as "The Moot." Although they are sometimes thought of as just "small folk" these people are great shots, and doughty warriors when roused. The occasional Goblin raiding party is known to engage Halfling armies on a seasonal basis.

Halflings are extremely friendly and nice, enjoy the entertainment and especially the food, and are usually the first to suggest a visit to the local inn or a stop off for tea.

They are a race short in numbers as well as size. Those who have not become an integral part of Human society now inhabit an independent pastoral state, which is wholly contained within the Empire and lives under its protection.

The origins of Halflings stretch back at least as far as those of Humans, but now, partly due to their peaceable nature, their numbers are on the decline.

Halflings live in a small, isolated area of the Old World, protected by the surrounding land populated by humans. Consequently, life is often very boring for young Halflings, and many seek adventure in the outside world. And nimble fingers are naturally secretive, and have skills to be good thieves.



Halflings are not bad folk, all things considered. However, they have several bad habits. They are naturally indolent – a Halfling would much rather be stuffing minced pies down his face (followed by copious amounts of beer) than putting in an honest day's work. Halflings are born collectors, and have a natural curiosity; these two factors combine to make the average Halfling quite prone to 'discovering' things. A traveller in the Moot will find after an extended stay that he's either several valuables lighter, or left a trail of dead and injured Halflings in his wake. Cartwheels (and in some cases, whole carts) have been known to go missing within a few minutes of the carts owner popping inside a Halfling pub for a quick drink.

Halflings are greedy fellows (though nowhere near as bad as Dwarfs), and they also love to hoard thing. In fact most Halfling dwellings have an entire room or two dedicated entirely to their 'treasures' – things the Halfling residents have picked up, usually ranging from items of actual value to worthless junk and shiny trinkets. These folk hate to throw anything away – even food scraps (if there are any) are fed to the dogs or pigs.

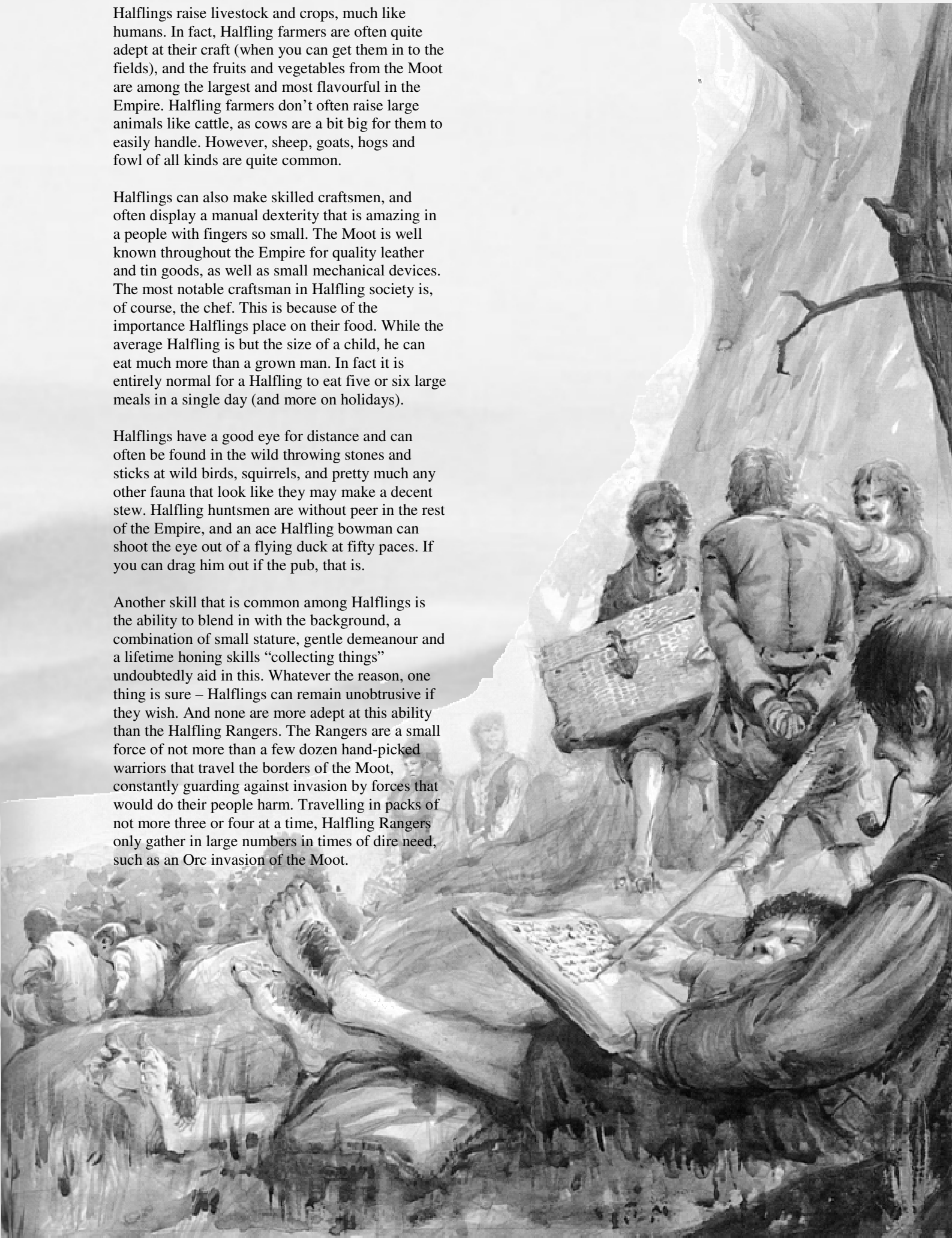


Halflings raise livestock and crops, much like humans. In fact, Halfling farmers are often quite adept at their craft (when you can get them in to the fields), and the fruits and vegetables from the Moot are among the largest and most flavourful in the Empire. Halfling farmers don't often raise large animals like cattle, as cows are a bit big for them to easily handle. However, sheep, goats, hogs and fowl of all kinds are quite common.

Halflings can also make skilled craftsmen, and often display a manual dexterity that is amazing in a people with fingers so small. The Moot is well known throughout the Empire for quality leather and tin goods, as well as small mechanical devices. The most notable craftsman in Halfling society is, of course, the chef. This is because of the importance Halflings place on their food. While the average Halfling is but the size of a child, he can eat much more than a grown man. In fact it is entirely normal for a Halfling to eat five or six large meals in a single day (and more on holidays).

Halflings have a good eye for distance and can often be found in the wild throwing stones and sticks at wild birds, squirrels, and pretty much any other fauna that look like they may make a decent stew. Halfling hunters are without peer in the rest of the Empire, and an ace Halfling bowman can shoot the eye out of a flying duck at fifty paces. If you can drag him out of the pub, that is.

Another skill that is common among Halflings is the ability to blend in with the background, a combination of small stature, gentle demeanour and a lifetime honing skills "collecting things" undoubtedly aid in this. Whatever the reason, one thing is sure – Halflings can remain unobtrusive if they wish. And none are more adept at this ability than the Halfling Rangers. The Rangers are a small force of not more than a few dozen hand-picked warriors that travel the borders of the Moot, constantly guarding against invasion by forces that would do their people harm. Travelling in packs of not more three or four at a time, Halfling Rangers only gather in large numbers in times of dire need, such as an Orc invasion of the Moot.





Other than the Rangers and the small force stationed in the Empire's capital, the Moot has few professional soldiers. However, the entire province is well policed (as befits a province of people with such light fingers). It must be remembered though that the Marshals that do this policing are Halflings themselves: not only are bribery and corruption not uncommon, they are expected. Do not approach a Marshal with a complaint about a lifted purse unless you are willing to share half the contents with him should it be found.

There are few humans living in the Moot, but a fair number of Ogres find the region to their liking. While the two races might seem an odd pairing, they actually seem to get along well with each other. In fact most village Elders have one or two Ogres in his employ (which helps to give him the clout he needs to keep order over the boisterous but otherwise non-political Halflings of his village). Ogres seem to enjoy Halfling cuisine (in fact they are one of the few races that enjoy eating as much as Halflings do), and their Halfling neighbours are mostly smart enough to not lift any Ogre possessions. In fact Halflings rarely steal from their neighbours at all; most understand that unless they want to end up floating in the River Aver, it's best not to practice such habits too close to home.

In times of war the Halfling army is mustered; this army is a collection of the small detachments of professional soldiery, augmented by units made up of villagers hastily armed with spears or bows. These units of citizen militia are normally organised by village, and each is normally led by the village Elder or one of the area Marshals. Small units of Halflings who are particularly crafty and accurate shots (usually the best hunters of the region) are organised into small units of scouts, sent ahead to gather information on and generally harass the enemy troops. A regiment of Ogre inhabitants

usually reinforces this mustering as well. Many an enemy army has attempted to march into the Empire through the Moot, expecting easy going, only to be unpleasantly surprised by the resistance they encounter.

Halflings are often underestimated. This generally works to their advantage when they attempt to be stealthy, and it is usually a mistake made by those who do not know their true character. While they have their faults, Halflings are actually far less susceptible to suggestion or the corrupting influence of Chaos than other mortals. This is less due to the strength of character than due to the fact that none of the Gods of Chaos supply things that Halflings really desire. They have no lust for power, are somewhat more resistant to disease than the normal human, have no love of war, and while they enjoy their fun, lack the human appetite for sexual deviance. While Chaos Cults seem to thrive under every flagstone in Imperial cities, you'd be hard-pressed to find even one Halfling cult in the whole of Mootland,

It is a rare Halfling indeed that desires to leave his village. Most that do tend to join the Rangers or the Imperial Crows. However, there are some rare individuals that are not content with this 'structured adventure'. These brave souls strike out when they are ready and seek their fortune outside their province. For there is great demand throughout the Old World for a clever individual with a head for subtlety, an ability to spot opportunity, and a talent with small mechanical devices.

Friends of nature

Due to their affinity with nature, closeness to the many forests in The Moot and the number of fat, juicy rabbits living there, some Halflings have been befriended by ancient Treemen and Great Eagles who look out for their little friends. Many scholars have speculated that the Wood Elves keep a special eye on the small folk of the Moot. In battle Treemen will fight alongside the Halfling army, often with the general riding upon his shoulders or upon a Great Eagle flying overhead.

Thievery and adventuring

Halflings are well known for their nimble feet and even nimbler fingers. While many follow their fathers and turn their dextrous skills to works of craft such as basket making, cobbling and cookery (in fact a lot of cookery) many also find themselves drawn towards the danger and excitement of stealing. Of course, Halflings never take anything too valuable (except by accident) as that would not be nice to the person who previously owned the item. Nonetheless, it is surprising the number of things that go 'missing' when a Halfling is about. The poor little chaps don't know they're doing it

half the time, they just seem to acquire rings, boxes of matches and small pets as they go about their normal business.

In fact, Halflings have a very relaxed attitude towards property in general, and casually swap items with one another all of the time (mostly without realising they're actually swapping). Halfling birthdays are a celebration of this attitude and many gifts are freely given away by the Halfling whose birthday it is (usually, as a consequence of inviting a large group of Halflings to your house and then falling asleep after dinner).

Many Halflings find that the skills which were taught to them as part of their natural childhood and adolescence are frowned upon by people outside of the Moot. They also find themselves very popular with certain organisations, such as the Thieves Guild and the local Watch patrol.

As can be expected, the speed and agility of Halfling Thieves has been noted by many of those who seek their fortune delving into the ruins of Mordheim, Halflings make excellent bait for monster traps and are usually quick and nimble enough to escape once the monster has fallen for the trap. Their diminutive size allows them to be pushed through sewers, under badly fitting gates and into rat-infested nooks and crannies. As you might tell, a Halfling is considered by some to be the most essential piece of adventuring equipment you could get.

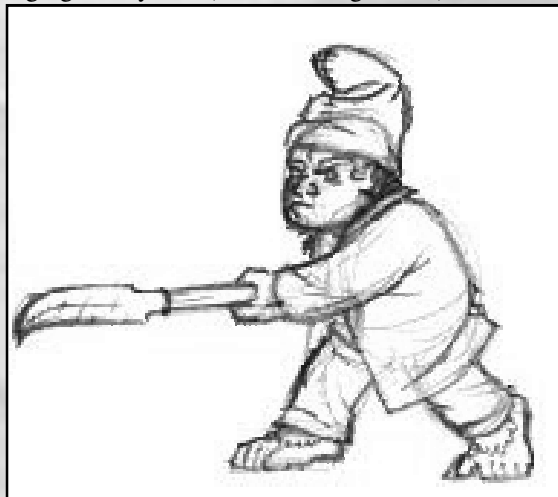
Despite this rough treatment, most Halfling "treasure and Property Removal Experts" don't mind the odd trek into the ruins. With a few big, burly bullies and perhaps a sneaky looking wizard to back you up, your enemies don't come calling at your door so often! Besides, where else can you find so many gifts, pretty gems, silver plates, swords of Mystical and Magical Significance. Not only all that, someone actually listens to what you're saying, even if they do decide to ignore you completely when you finished giving your advice.

The people of the Mootland are the Halflings not "people" at all in the Human sense, but a race roughly half Man's size that has always seemed to be wherever Man has gone. The Dwarfs record that a tribe of "beardless Manlings we first thought to be children" travelled with the Human tribes as they passed through the World's Edge Mountains. On the other hand, some Imperial scholars think the Halflings are a race of Man experimented on by Verena to find a way to resist Chaos, while a few others argue Ronald created them as a bizarre joke. Regardless of what others say, the Halflings simply say they are as they have always been, and they like it quite a bit, thank you very much.

Being a rural folk, even in their towns, the Halflings are earthy types who enjoy good food, strong drink, a good smoke, and conversation that would turn a Marienburg marine's ears blue. Expressive to a fault, Halflings think nothing of discussing their aunt's nightly business with perfect strangers in complete detail. "Just to pass the time, y'know." They love a good chat and strangers are welcomed by farmers along the roads as long as they bring gossip, coin, or lunch. Or preferably all three.

Halflings outside the Moot usually are seen by the small-minded as nothing more than cooks or thieves - or cooks *and* thieves though this is rather unfair, because it creates stereotypes out of two Halfling traits. The first is their indisputable ability to make a fine meal out of almost any ingredients. The second is their differing views on property, ownership, and theft. Most Halflings have grown up in what is effectively a large extended family of siblings, aunts, uncles, "cousins by way of marriage," and the like. The practice of taking what is needful, be it a pie, a few crowns or even a piece of jewellery, is deeply imbedded in the Halfling character. After all, if everyone is family, why should you ask permission? Of course they'll let you "borrow" it. These two traits have led to a perception outside the Moorland of Halflings as little more than domestic help you have to keep an eye on.

Halflings in the Mootland love celebrations and parties as a way to break the routine of country life. Several festivals are held throughout the year: Midsummer and Midwinter, the Spring and Fall equinoxes, and the grand celebration of Halfling culture, Pie Week. Most Halflings do not wait for an official holiday, however; any evening is ripe for a party. In addition to eating and drinking (and drinking and eating), Halfling festivals include dancing around a pole or bonfire. Usually these are segregated by sex, (at least to begin with) as the



young Halfling males and females try to impress each other. Races are common, too. Too short for horses, these are usually foot races across fields and streams and through wooded copses, the first one back winning a ribbon from the hair of a Hailing woman named Queen of the Festival. The last one back usually gets chunked into a nearby pond.

Halflings in the Moot and elsewhere have never been known as a martial people, and the idea of Halfling warriors is the butt of several jokes amongst Humans. The truth, however, is somewhat different. In defence of their homeland—or quarters within a Human town during a riot—the normally placid Halflings can be aggressive and brave. As part of the war effort, Elder Hisme sent a large contingent of Halflings to act as scouts and skirmishers for the Imperial Army. Several were mentioned in despatches by their commanders for bravery and resourcefulness, though these were often accompanied by complaints from the quartermasters.

To the Halflings however, the war seems a long way away, and the opinion is that, like the Empire itself, it will pass by without noticing them. Perhaps because of this isolationist attitude, Halflings have subverted and changed the Imperial tongue in many ways. With fast pacing, slurring of words, and a mish-mash of other accents, the Reikspiel spoken in the moot can be utterly incomprehensible. Halflings have many slang words and code that change in meaning from year to year. The Thieves' cant used by Humans is said to be a version of this bastard argot.

Communities

Halfling communities tend to be small towns, nominally headed by a Mayor. These are sometimes chosen to discuss common issues in a large banquet, but the overall organization is well dissolved, with little or no formalized government.



Samuel Fellbelly

"Stop right there, I've got you covered! Er... You're not dead, are you?"

Samuel Fellbelly longs for adventure. The Moot is too quiet for adventurous, dashing Halfling such as he. His destiny lies in the wider world, where someone of his talents can be a great hero. At least, this is what Samuel tells himself on the long treks on ponyback along the western borders of the Moot, looking for stray sheep and keeping the neighbouring Big Folk from riding over a farmer's squash patch.

Samuel was born to a prosperous Merchant family who owned a couple of warehouses in Sauerapfel. With no head for business, he instead took a job with the town keeping the toll station at the western end. This was fun for a year or so because of all the new people he could meet and act important in front of, but soon it grew boring. Over beers at a local public house, friends convinced him to join the Fieldwardens and "see the world".

Only the world turned out to be much like Sauerapfel. Dull.

Much as he craves excitement, however, he has no desire to meet any of the Undead. Samuel has heard hair-raising stories from Fieldwardens he has met from the eastern Moot, and he is scared to death at the prospect. Not that he has ever heard of any in his area, nor does he have any idea what an Undead looks or acts like, but that does not matter. He is sure that a zombie will try to eat his face one day.

Their religion and folklore is based on their lifestyle, and their deities tend to be representatives of fertility and climate. Legendary heroes are usually Halflings who organized huge banquet or stopped famine, instead of great warriors and explorers. Almost all Halflings disapprove of adventuring, except some who travel to the human lands, being used as cooks and mercenaries.

Settlements

The Halflings live mostly in villages or on small farms, and settlements and buildings are generally similar to human rural style, though in smaller size. A notable exception is the burrows, dwellings of stone or brick dug into the slope of a hill, with doors and windows facing south, which keep the burrow warm, avoiding the cold north winds.

These burrows vary greatly in size, ranging from a couple of rooms to huge underground mansions, with many entrances and corridors.

Outside the territory of the Moot, Halflings can be

found throughout the empire, living side by side with the humans. Many wealthy households employ Halflings cooks, and there are numerous taverns, inns and hostels run by members of this race, or have several of them on staff.

Leaders

The leader of each village is known as the Mayor. The Mayor is normally the most popular, intelligent and judicious Halfling. All communities elect its Mayor, and only return to vote if they perceive a problem with the current representative. The Elders of the villages get together from time to time as required in District Assemblies which are held in a village determined in accordance with a complex system which combines factors such as prestige, weather cycle and the size of the local harvest. The chairman of the meeting, elected by the Elders, is the Elder of the Moot, who has one vote when it comes to choosing a new Emperor.

In exchange for their privileges, the Halflings of the Moot send a detachment to the capital, both to enter the imperial household service to assist the local militia.

Halfling nobles only differ from the rest in leading a life much more relaxed and homey. For the Halflings do not like to be treated differently to others, but a comfortable life without many worries, accompanied by numerous banquets, is the dream of most Halflings.

Crime and Justice

Halflings are very lenient with minor offenses, provided that the action did not cause any damage or injury. Violent crimes are very rare in their communities. Penalties can range from a reduction in food rations to exile for crimes or serious misdemeanours with repeated offenses (even Halfling patience has a limit).

All cases are taken by the Mayor of the village or the Elder of the Moot, if the importance of the case so requires. The penalty of death is unknown for Halflings. Where it is necessary to carry out such a horrendous action, the offender is placed in the hands of the Humans.

The Halflings outlaws are really weird, and generally are seen by the rest of the community as crazy individuals. They are usually individuals who engage in petty theft, and in very few cases are Halflings persecuted by law.

Religion

The Halflings worship the gods of the Empire, and Sigmar in particular is venerated as one of their great protectors, though there is no record of Sigmar ever mentioning Halflings, let alone saving



them from something. They also have their own gods, but their worship is much more casual than the devotions of Humans, Dwarfs, or Elves to their deities.

Esmeralda is the goddess of the home and hearth whom Pie Week honours, but there are others, too: Phineas, patron of tobacco with the ever-full pouch; Josias the Farmer, who always knows what the weather will be and can coax life out of the driest dirt; and Hyacinth, the goddess of fertility and childbirth. There are others, but they are obscure and little known to outsiders.

Halflings have a very relaxed and tolerant attitude towards religion. Even their clergy are very tolerant of the other deities of the Old World. The largest religion by far is that of Esmeralda.

Esmeralda is the main goddess of the Halfling pantheon. She is the protector of the home, and says that she gave her people the gift of the kitchen. She is usually depicted as a plump Halfling midwife, with a perpetual smile and an apron covered with flour.

Her symbol is a triangle on a horizontal line that represents the home and the flames of the fireplace.

Clerics have their ceremonial aprons embroidered with this symbol. The Halflings worship her throughout the Old World, especially those who works as cooks for Humans.

Although there are no temples or shrines as such, she is cherished in every kitchen where a Halfling

chef works. It is pretty typical to have a statue of her in a distinguished place in the kitchen, so she can monitor the work of the cook and make sure that he does not spoil any dish.

The main festival of worship is Pie Week, a seven-day festival, which takes place immediately after fruit harvest, and the celebrants spend preparing (and eating) cakes, pies, puddings and jam. It is really difficult to convince a Halfling to do anything else during the week.

Any clergy or initiated into the cult of Esmeralda, follow and enforce these votes:

1. Never deny food to the hungry.
2. Never use the kitchen for something else.
3. Never spoil the beer.
4. Do not eat less than three good meals a day.
5. Do not do anything strenuous after a meal.
6. Do not leave anything unattended while cooking.

In addition, there are tests of faith. The tests usually involve great culinary achievements, such as preparing a meal with bland and uninspiring ingredients, or using rare and exotic ingredients for a meal, like the leaves of a plant that only grows on the highest slopes of a remote mountain.

With respect to other deities, Rhya (mother goddess of the Old Faith, but in the popular religion of the Old World her role has been reduced considerably) is beloved to a lesser extent and Ranald (the trickster god, patron of rogues and gamblers) is only truly loved by those Halflings who live in human cities.

Death

The Halflings see death as part of the natural cycle of life, but this does not prevent the funerals are



painful moments for the whole family and Halflings close to the deceased.

Magic

Halflings are very resistant to magic and it is difficult for them to progress in the arcane arts. Nevertheless, and contrary to the Dwarves, Halflings are fascinated by the sorcerer who visit and any Halfling community will be addressed by a flood of excited little children who will beg and plead that they give them a little show.

Despite their limitations, some Halflings are practitioners of the magical arts, but do not follow any of the Colleges of Magic.

Agriculture

Although the Halflings are often seen as lazy by ignorant foreigners, they are both stubborn and determined. As all communities are based on agriculture and grazing, Halflings need to work hard and steadily. A Halfling can work cheerfully from sunrise to sunset with only a few stops to eat and go home smiling. Hard work ensures a good sleep and a great appetite.

An old proverb Halfling probably best sums up his attitude: "No food tastes as good as one that has fed or grown yourself".

War and Military

There are very few Halflings warriors, and those who follow this path prefer ranged combat, a very wise decision considering their physical handicaps. Many races consider Halflings cowards, but this is not true at all. It is quite common that those who underestimate the little ones in combat do not usually live long enough to learn from their mistake...

The vast majority of Halfling warriors are members of the militia, and in hard times they fight very cohesively. But any Halfling will grab a slingshot, bow, scythe, hoe, or whatever is at hand and defend their home (or food) to the end if the situation requires.

Marriage

The Halflings see promiscuity as something abhorrent. The strongest bond in the Halfling's heart is to that of the family, and they the most devoted and loving parents and peers of all races. Most of them end up marrying his childhood sweetheart.

The growth of the children is strongly influenced by the family, which will give the young Halfling a wider vision of the world, a broader mind and a vast plethora of favourite aunts and uncles.



The young spend most of the time running from one place to another, climbing trees and getting in the way of their elders. The Halflings are very patient with their young, and spanking is a taboo in their culture. Halfling parents should spend the time necessary to explain to their children when something is wrong and fortunately, the children are not as stubborn as those of humans.

Food

Halflings love to eat! Indeed it is their favourite pastime. Their appetites are endless and their stomachs seemingly bottomless despite their rather diminutive size. Where Men have three meals a day, Halflings have six; these are large fruitful feasts consisting of such delicacies as cream biscuits, pepper cakes, sour tarts, spice pies and berry wines, to name a few. These meals are accompanied by stories and folk songs that all Halflings become eager to participate in. It is a well-known fact that, though a peaceful race, it is never a good idea to interrupt a Halfling during mealtime, as they might become rowdy and unpleasant! Even the Goblins of the Worlds Edge Mountains have learned not to raid the Moot during lunchtime!

Halflings are the best cooks out there and learn to cook from a young age. Think of the best food you can imagine and it will be nothing compared to what a Halfling can offer. An old Halfling saying is: "The taste is more important than the quantity"

Their culinary expertise has been praised by all races who appreciate the fine art of cooking, and all recognize the Halflings as the best chefs in the world. Well, all except the Bretonnians who think theirs is the best cooking. But hey, we know how the Bretonnians are...

Halflings make three large meals, that is; breakfast

(the most important meal of the day), lunch (the other most important meal of the day) and dinner (the best way to dismiss the day), but there are countless visits to the pantry a Halfling can make throughout the day.

Crafts

Although the Halfling craft has not reached the same popularity as that of the Dwarfs or Elves, it remains excellent. Their nimble fingers allow them to create details that no Dwarf or Human is able to match. They are undoubtedly the best weavers, tailors and leather workers of these races.

The Dwarfs, which apart from humans are those who have closest contact with the Halflings, rarely trade with Halfling apart from grilled meat and ale. Halflings typically earn extra money selling some cloths, embroidery and wood carvings to merchants of the Empire. In most cases their work is not duly recognized, and the merchandise is sold as if it were human or elf.

Festivals

Halflings love a party, and believe that any reason is good for one. The festivities always take place in Festival Square from dawn to sunset, which also consume vast amounts of food and many stories have also made many games.

The shooting competitions, folk dances and violin recitals are the most popular when the weather is benign. Ice skating and sled races are also popular in winter.

The big parties take place in both equinoxes, the summer solstice, the last day of harvest, each birthday, the anniversary of the founding of the village and especially Pie Week, after which, each Halfling must be careful not to get hit in the doorframe of his home...



THE HALFLING HOT POT

Gambo Hartstock took his iron ladle and stirred the contents of his bubbling cauldron thoughtfully. The two assistant cooks Flabagon Dil and Frito Flatfoot savoured the delicious spicy smell and exchanged knowing glances... This was going to be a meal to remember! It would in fact be the first hot meal the

Halflings had tasted in three weeks, ever since they said farewell to their kinfolk in the Moot and marched away to join the Emperor's army.

Since then it had gone very badly for the small Halfling regiment. Half their supplies had been lost crossing the river including all the beer and tobacco.

Continuous rain had made it impossible to keep a cook fire burning. The whole regiment had been cut to emergency rations of a mere three meals a day, and those cold and rain soaked, eaten in miserable silence.

Now, as the army camped for the night in the shadow of the Worlds Edge Mountains, Gambo Hartstock, Chief Cook, prepared a feast to restore the spirits of the famished Halflings. That morning he had bought a whole barrel of Gunpowder Pepper from one of the human victuallers. The barrel stood beside the cauldron - a good measure of its fiery contents had already disappeared into the seething pot together with some peppermint herbs, firehalm, and certain other ingredients gathered by (iambi) early that morning (a good cook has his secrets, and Gambo had more than most).

"Ah yes my lad," Gambo explained to Flahagon. "The Emperor he knows a fine hot pot when he smells it..."

But this here hot pot," he winked knowingly, this is too rich for your humans, even for an Emperor." Flahagon smiled weakly as his master fussed proudly over his stew. The delicious smell was twisting his simple mind into knots of ravening hunger. What was old Gambo on about? lie was hungry. They were all hungry. Was it time to eat yet?

"Yup Flabby," Gambo continued proudly. "If one of those human soldiers were to get as much as a good whiff of this hot pot of mine, well like as not he'd he knocked clean off his feet, and should he, by some act of unforgiveable negligence on our part, actually eat some — well, I for one wouldn't like to be held responsible." Gambo ladled another heap of pepper into t he cauldron and added a couple of chillies and more garlic for good measure.

Suddenly a loud horn blast pieced the air, a thin strident note pregnant with urgency. Gambo was so taken aback he dropped his ladle, sending gobbets of fizzling stew flying everywhere. "What's this?" he gasped breathlessly. "It's not lunch time yet, is it?"

But it was already obvious that the horn blast had come from elsewhere entirely — not from the I lalfling camp or even from the human regiments of the Empire army, but from the fierce goblin Wolf Riders who were hacking and biting at will as Halflings ran hither and thither in blind panic. Utterly absorbed

with their cooking, none of the Halflings had noticed the Wolf Riders as they sprung from the mountain valley, neatly enveloping the camp and driving a wedge between them and the rest of the Emperor's army. It was an ambush. Worst of all it was an ambush before lunch.

"Those pitiless Goblin scum," sobbed Gambo as a Wolf Rider bound towards him brandishing a spear and grinning broadly in anticipation of an easy kill.

Picking up a hefty cleaver he chopped the green skinned creature clean in half as easily as if it had been a stick of celery. Green blood spurted wildly into the air, much of it landing into the stew pot where it fizzed and crackled like little gun shots.

"Ruined!" bawled Gambo uncontrollably. "My hot pot - all the mint and garlic, half the pepper - all

gone." lie cleaved the head from another Goblin and reached into his apron for his bottle of Mootland Malt. It was empty. "Arghh!" he screamed as the horror of his predicament overwhelmed him. And then something

snapped inside the little cook. His eyes glazed with grim courage uncharacteristic of his kind, his broad hands tightened their grip around the cleaver. "Flahagon... Frito," he said. "It's time for the ultimate sacrifice... fetch that rope and bring the rest of the pepper."

Within moments the bewildered assistant cooks had tied the ropes to the cauldron and suspended the boiling mass over a forked spit rest. It might have been the scene of slaughter that brought tears to Frito's eyes as Goblins and Wolves marauded through the camp slaying the fleeing Halflings like startled rabbits. But maybe it was all those onions.

"That's right my lads!" yelled Gambo waving his cleaver menacingly in the direction of another Wolf Rider. "Now pull that rope back as hard as you can,"

The Wolf Riders, who had learned that Gambo's cleaver was best avoided, were gathering ready to carry their assault into the Empire camp. Sure of his victory, the Goblin King himself was hurrying to lead the charge in his battle chariot. Fresh greenskins were already forming up for the attack, spearwielding infantry and archers among them, and towards the rear two huge Trolls shambled slowly through a sea of frolicking Snotlings.

The assistant cooks heaved on the rope and the cook pot lurched slowly backwards. The wooden spit stand began to bend and creak, the Halflings groaned ill and took the strain.

"Just another couple of feet," cried Gambo as he nimbly moved aside and poised his cleaver ready to chop through the tortured ropes. With a single stroke the rope parted. Flahagon and Frito fell backwards into a heap, and the cauldron catapulted forward right towards the Goblin King. Gambo began to jump up and down excitedly as he watched the projectile arc towards the massing foe. "Yeee,, yah!" he yelled.

"Go for it my beauty, that's the way! The best hot pot ever and I hope it chokes you!"

The Goblin King, Grom the Paunch of Misty Mountain, infamous old Goblin Warlord and Lord of the Crag, was suddenly and unexpectedly struck by what could have been a big rock were it not for the sploshy red stuff that exploded from it, showering the goblin horde. Goblins screamed where the boiling stuff touched them. Their skin peeled away and shrivelled while tears of agony rolled from their little red eyes. Grom, having overcome his initial surprise, howled with pain and anger before he was overcome by the fumes. The wolves yelped uncontrollably, throwing their riders into the mess before scampering off back to the hills their tails tucked firmly between their legs.

A Troll stepped unwittingly into a steaming puddle and immediately began to dissolve. At that moment the Empire army, hastily drawing its ranks, thundered into battle, and the remaining horde was swept aside by charging Reiksguard Knights. The Empire had been saved.

The Emperor found Gambo Ilartstock sobbing despondently into his apron, an empty bottle of Mootland Malt in one hand and a gore-splattered cleaver dangling limply from the other. Gesturing his captains aside he grasped the Halfling by the shoulder and gently shook him. "Master Cook!" he said, "I don't know what was in that flame pot of yours but it undoubtedly saved the day and many noble lives. Tell us the recipe and I'll have the Imperial Engineers build a weapon that will destroy the Goblin hordes forever."

Gambo looked up into the sturdy face of his ruler and his eyes suddenly cleared. "Sire!" he exclaimed,

"I cannot tell you, it'd be a betrayal of every sacred vow in the cookbook."

The Emperor, to his credit, did not press the point, but presented Gambo with a bag of gold for his part in the battle and quietly departed. Over the years Gambo became quite famous, and found himself dragged from battle to battle and expected to launch his now famous Milling hot pot into the enemy ranks. It never again had quite the effect it did on that day when Grom the Paunch of Misty Mountain was driven from the field, and, in truth, Gambo couldn't quite remember that recipe to his dying day.

None-the-less the hot pot did much to boost the prestige of Halfling regiments and taught the Goblins a lesson it would be hard for them to forget.

THE LAND OF THE MOOT

A Potted Moot

The Halflings have lived in rural areas of the Empire for as long as anyone can remember, but it was not until the year 1010 that they were granted the lands around the upper Aver as their permanent home.

This land is known as the Moot, and, like all the lands of the Empire, it provides troops for the Emperor's Army.

It is a green land with gently rolling hills, formerly populated by a myriad of bouncing bunnies. That was before the Halflings took up the bow and became extremely proficient in its use.

It is due to this fearsome skill with the bow that Halflings are called upon by the Empire to provide troops for its army. But when threatened, the entire Moot can be quickly armed and very dangerous to know.

Halfling communities tend to be small villages, nominally headed by an Elder. Elders meet occasionally to discuss common issues over a large banquet, but overall organisation is very loose, with little or no formalised government. Halfling religion and folklore revolves around their lifestyle, and their main deities are concerned with fertility and the weather.

Their legendary heroes tend to be Halflings who reaped bumper harvests or organised enormous banquets in time of famine, rather than great fighters or explorers.



Adventuring is somewhat frowned upon but some Halflings may travel in human lands, hiring themselves out as cooks and the like.

Mootland is the proper name for the land of the Halflings. It is a peaceful land of fertile valleys nestled between gently sloping hills. The climate is mild and water sources are plentiful, as the mighty River Aver runs directly through the province, with many small streams and creeks winding their way down to meet it. As a result of this, the Moot is blessed with beautiful scenery and fertile ground which is just as well due to the overall laziness of the inhabitants.

It is nominally part of the Empire, but is a place into which few Imperial officials will set foot. The Moot is blessed with beautiful scenery and fertile ground, which is just as well considering the indolent nature of its inhabitants, who would rather shove a pie down their gullets than lift a finger to do any work. They also tend to steal, eat, or steal then eat anything that is not nailed down. By day, the Moot seems like a rural paradise, but at night it takes on a strange air, the evening filled with the muffled revelry of drunken Halflings singing lewd songs.

Mootland is the largest Halfling settlement in the Old World, having been granted to these diminutive people over a millennia ago. Emperor Ludwig II Hohenbach (known commonly as Ludwig the Fat) was known as a great lover of food, who routinely executed chefs who offended his tastes. In 1010, he ordered his Halfling valet to create "a meal worthy of his greatness", and the resultant meal was so successful that the valet was not only made the Emperor's personal chef, but also an Elector, creating the Great County of Mootland from parts of Averland and Stirland (partially as a reward for such a fine meal, and partially out of petty revenge against the rulers of those two provinces).

The presence of the Aver provides plenty of water throughout the province for irrigation and drinking water for the Halfling population. Many villages and farmsteads have sprung up along this great waterway over the years. The largest villages are Brandenberry to the west, Leedlton to the east, and Bogglewort to the North, near the Stirland border.

Other locations of note in the Moot are the Hornsby's Ferry crossing, the Ruins of Moldberg, and the Wailing Woods.

The one Aver crossing in the Moot is Hornsby Ferry, which lies very close to the middle of the province. The ferry crossing is the only way to cross the river for 30 miles in either direction (something it is rumoured the Hornsby family has ensured over the years with acts of sabotage against any attempt to build a bridge or rival ferry crossing). The Hornsbys are well known for their willingness to cross the river at any hour and regardless of the weather. However, they will charge dearly for the service, and the rates increase with the lateness of the hour or the inclemency of the elements.

The Ruins of Moldberg lie just north of Brandenberry. This area was once the holdings of a powerful lord of a bygone era, and it is rumoured that his spirit and the spirits of his soldiers still haunt the cold stones that are all that remain of Moldberg Keep.

To the southwest lie the Wailing Woods. While most woods in Mootland are very light and open, the Wailing Woods are the exception. Dense and dark as any forest of the Empire, the Wailing Woods are also rumoured to be haunted. Some experts in such matters claim that it's Elves in the woods making all the trouble, not spirits. In any case, travellers know to steer well clear of the woods if they want to keep their skins intact.

Finally, among places of interest that the Moot is home to are several famous inns – the Dancing Dogs, the Hogshhead Inn, the Laughing Ass and the Scarlet Snake. If a traveller enters the Moot and does not visit as many of these inns as possible, he is doing himself a disservice. One will not find

more comfortable beds (each has at least a few rooms with human sized furnishings) or more succulent meals at any inn in the Empire proper.

Sitting on perhaps the most fertile farmland in the central Empire, the Mootland comprises portions of Averland and Stirland that were torn from their rule in a fit of pique by Emperor Ludwig the Fat and made into an electoral province - ruled by Halflings.

The Moot is a land of gently rolling hills and grasslands that slopes upward gradually until the land rises in the Greenleaf Hills of the southeast, where farmers raise many famous varieties of tobacco, such as "Fogmaker Red," "Aver Prime Blend," and the notoriously strong "Fumigator." Most of the country is open, with scattered copses of oak, beech, elm, and willow along the riverbanks: The only two forests of note are the Sleepy Wood and the mysterious Alter Forest. While the province is watered in its southern half by the Aver Reach, Blue Reach, and Aver rivers, sufficient rainfall waters the land to guarantee regular and good crops throughout the Moot.

Mootland is divided into three major regions, four if you listen to some Holdings. Southwest of the River Aver is Aver March, once a prosperous barony of Averland. According to old tales, the Humans of Aver March were forced to leave the area at point of spear by the Emperor's troops when Ludwig gave it to the Holdings. To this day, visitors can see the ruined foundations of old castles, their stones mostly carted off for new construction, that the local Halflings claim were once Human settlements.



While it is true that some minor families of Averland claim lordship over areas of the Aver March, few take them seriously. They occasionally petition the Emperor to have their rights restored, but so far their requests have been all filed and forgotten.

Three towns dominate Aver March: Sauerapfel on the west, Einsamholz in the centre (and not technically part of the region), and Dreiflussen at the southeast. Closer in culture to Averland than other regions, large herds of sheep and goats are common here, while the western march is famous for its apples.

North of the rivers lies "Auld Styrlande," that area of Mootland that was once was part of the Grand County of Stirland. It is an area in which farming districts alternate with copses of wood and small fens, and is Moorland's fertile breadbasket. Two roads access it, but neither traverses the whole of the region. The Moot Road leaves Eiches Schatten and heads west, where it joins the Old Dwarf Road in Stirland at Wordern. The other is a short road that tuns from Einsamholz to Pfungzig in Averland. Neither could be mistaken for a major road, and, indeed, most of the traffic is from farmers, herdsmen, and traders going to sell in one or another market.

Inside the Mootland, traffic travels on age-worn cart paths or cross-country.

The south-eastern region bounded by the loop of the Aver Reach to the north and the border with Averland to the south is Formally named "The Duchy of the Fallow Hills," a title given to it by the Averlander lord of the 12th century who could never get anything worthwhile to grow there. Disgusted, he sold the region to the Halflings soon after Ludwig created the Moot, reportedly muttering "and good riddance" at the signing. The Halflings, however, knew good soil when they saw it, and how to use it. Using seedlings from tobacco plants they loved, but which grew poorly elsewhere, they planted fields of the crop along the river and in the valleys, so much so that the area is simply known as "Greenleafs" today, and provides a major cash crop for the Moot. The Moorland government is so anxious to increase their share of the market that they send traders on long trips around the Empire to give out free samples, in the hope that happy customers will want and pay for more. They especially tout its flavour over what they call "imported Bretonnian stink-weed!"

Society and Politics

Mootland is surrounded by Imperial provinces, and in most circumstances relies on the Empire for protection, but this land and its people are completely autonomous. Technically not Imperial



citizens, the Halflings of Mootland have nevertheless always proven staunch allies. In fact, a detachment of Halflings (known as the Imperial Crows) serves in the Imperial Capital, both in the local militia and in the Imperial household as chefs and man-servants.

While the proper name of the land is Mootland, most citizens of the Empire refer to the land of the Halflings as simply 'The Moot', after their curious practice of governance by mass meeting. All important issues in a township or village are settled by a large public meeting of all the local citizens (usually held in the town hall, or the largest barn if no town hall exists). Most Imperial politicians would find these meetings quite anarchic, but the Halflings are quite happy with it, and it must be said that their process seems to lack much of the infighting and behind-the-scenes manoeuvring that characterise Imperial politics.

Each village elects a village head, known as the Elder. Several times a year, District Moots are held, which involve only these Elders. These are somewhat more organised than a village Moot, but still involve government by committee. The chair of the District Moot is elected by a vote of all the Elders, and this individual holds the Halfling vote when it comes time to choosing a new Emperor. This is a powerful position indeed, as it is the only vote of the Electoral council that the Emperor may not dispose of.

Halfling society is mostly patriarchal, with males naturally assuming authority over the family. However, women are given a voice in decision-making, and in fact several prominent Elders have been female.

The Moot is seldom visited by folk of the other provinces, for few can put up with the Halflings for long. Those that do return tell of the sly, secretive



undertone to the Halfling character. Theft, mockery, and clannishness are rife. Halflings returning home to the moot find they are welcomed, to an extent. The fertile lands of the Moot have made life easy for the Halflings that live there, and they seem unwilling to be reminded of an outside world.

Mountains

The land of the Moot is very near the End of the World Mountains, so it suffers occasional invasions of Night Goblins. These mountains are incredibly high and almost impossible to cross. Many centuries ago, the whole mountain range was controlled by the Dwarves, who built great cities and fortresses in the rock of the mountains.

Further south are the Black Mountains. Infested Night Goblins, Skaven and Trolls, they are arguably the least hospitable frontier of the Empire. The only "safe" way is Black Fire Pass, located at the confluence of the Black Mountains to the End of the World Mountains, where Sigmar fought his battle against the Orcs.

The Black Mountains are crossed by tunnels built by the Goblins. These tunnels are crude and narrow tunnels compared to other mountain dwarves, and they tend to collapse unexpectedly.

Rivers

Several mountain streams from the western slopes of the Dwarf fortress of Karak Varn, rapidly descends in several waterfalls who form up to broad rivers, leading to the river Aver.

Aver River continues its course towards the West, through the provincial capital and leading to Averheim on its way to the Reik, passing through Nuln.

Forests

The Moot is home to the Ahern Forest an ancient forest, very large and diverse; containing willows venerable and majestic old oak, very highly appreciated by the Halflings, who love to sit in the shade of a large tree to smoke a good pipe.

Within the Moot are common groupings of trees, and small forests of oaks, pines and riparian vegetation in the vicinity of rivers. The landscape is also dotted by farming areas, either of grain or small gardens.

Imperial Provinces

The Moot borders to the Imperial provinces of Stirland and Averland. Their relations are usually good, although the land where the Moot lies was formerly part of these imperial provinces and some people have not forgotten that. In fact, it is quite

common to find some regiments or Stirland or Averland bowmen to help in patrolling the borders as payment for services by Halfling cooks.

Trade with these two provinces is not very abundant in relation to imports, as the Halflings can provide for themselves and are rural people who do not need many amenities. However, the Halflings export an abundance of food, not to mention the culinary talent travelling with the cooks to enter the service of the imperial kitchens.



The Moot is surrounded by imperial provinces and count on them for protection. Yet the region and its inhabitants are completely autonomous, and even if they are not Imperial citizens, they remain loyal allies. There is even a detachment of Halflings called "the Ravens of the Empire", which is based in Altdorf, both in the militia and the imperial kitchens.

Eicheschatten

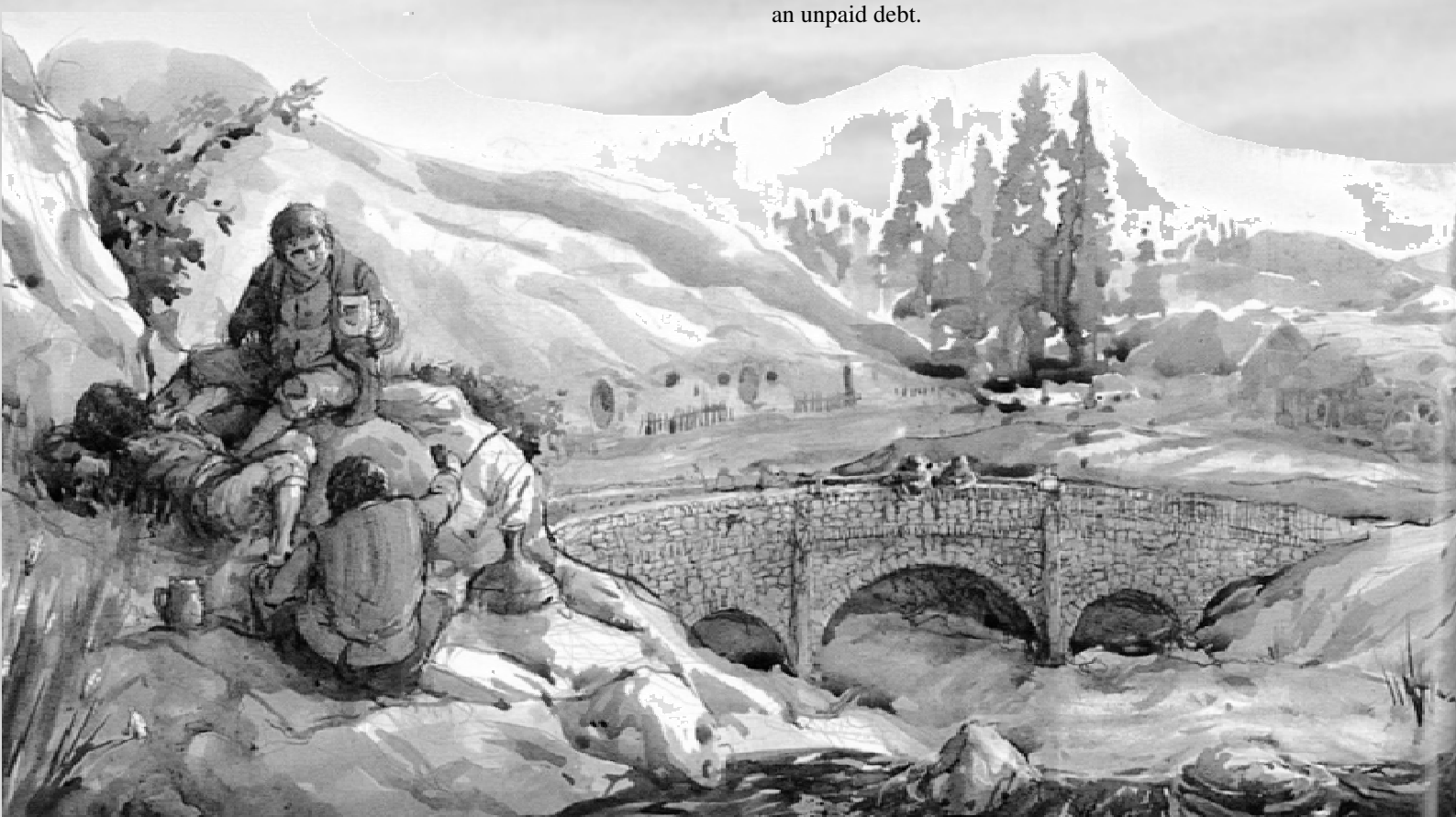
The capital of the Mootland, Eicheschatten is utterly unprepossessing at first glance. After a longer examination, one's opinion is confirmed. Home to the Elder of the Moorland, which is the title preferred by Halflings as "Grand Count" sounds "too posh," Eicheschatten is a collection of winding lanes along the banks of the Aver Reach at the end of the road from Worden and Halstedt. Cottages and homes with extensive gardens in the back mix randomly with smiths and other

businesses, which usually have the family quartets above them. The Halflings love bright colours, so the buildings are often garishly decorated in colours that make visitors wonder about their hosts' eyesight. All are scaled to a Halfling's build too, although inns have special rooms constructed for bigger folk.

The residence of the Elder is situated in the centre of town, next to the public green. Although officially designated a "palace," the building is a simple two-story house of wood with a sod roof and sometimes a goat grazing up there, if the grass has grown too long.

The Throne Room is a simple but comfortable parlour where the Elder entertains all his official guests. Magnus the Pious stayed there on his way to the war in Kislev and is said to have had the most comfortable sleep of his life. Elder Hisme herself rarely stays there, however. A widower, it is too big for her needs. She prefers to stay at her farm outside of town "where a body can get some practical work done, and have m'own outhouse!"

As the centre of government, Eicheschatten is also where the General Moot of the Halflings meets once every three years. Open to all Halflings whether they live in the Moot or elsewhere, the Moot meets to decide questions of policy for the province, pass what few laws are needed, choose the Elder for the next three years (they have re-elected Hisme at the last ten Moots, a record, though she is thinking of retiring), and have a grand time while seeing old friends and swapping hard cider recipes. The General Moot also acts as a court of final appeal in the Mootland, where cases that cannot be resolved at the local level are heard. Most often these are disputes over land or water rights, or an unpaid debt.



Sometimes, however, a crime is more serious. Murder, while rare, does happen. Although the penalty for murder in the rest of the Empire is death by hanging, the Halflings instead prefer eternal banishment, on pain of death by stoning should the person ever return. This sentence must be affirmed at the General Moot. Humans or other non-Halflings found guilty of serious crimes are turned over to Averland or Stirland authorities for sentencing under their laws.

Gipfel

A small village in the heart of the Greenleaf Hills, Gipfel is the centre of tobacco production in the Mootland. There are only a few buildings in town, such as a blacksmith and farrier's shop, communal warehouses, a small temple to Sigmar and all the Halfling gods, and houses for the nearby farms. An inn called The Three Smoke Rings doubles as the meeting place for the village assembly, which is open to all adults. Its owner is also the largest landowner in Gipfel, Dagobert Heathland. Owner of many farms scattered through the Greenleafs and the holder of notes to others, "Old Dag" is widely regarded as the most powerful Halfling south of the Aver Reach. Few dare cross him.

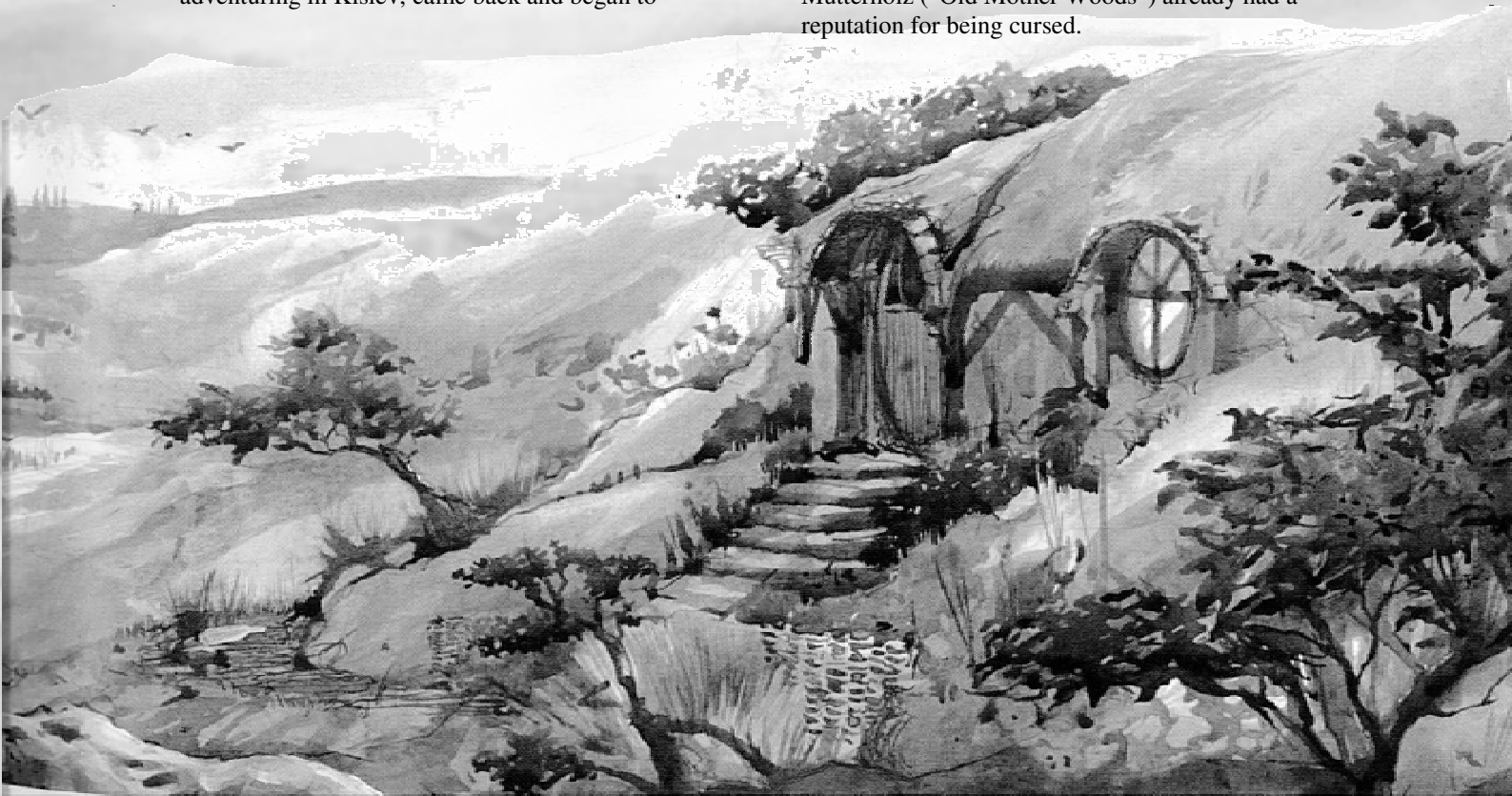
Gipfel is a quiet village except during the late summer and early fall, when the harvests come in. Then traders show up from as far as Man and Kislev to bid on bundles of the precious leaves, filling the inn and spare rooms to capacity. While not the only tobaccotrading centre in the Greenleafs region, it is the busiest, and the place to go for the best crop.

Gipfel also has a dark secret: It and all who live there or depend on it are firmly under the control of Dagobert Heathland, who, after several years adventuring in Kislev, came back and began to

quietly preach about the power of the fertility cult he had learned of in Kislev's back country. He at first had only a few worshippers, friends and neighbours who joined him. Their rituals were conducted in deepest secret, but the power of their new faith seemed obvious from the abundance and vigour of their crops, better than any others in the area. Soon, the whole of the region belonged to Old Dag's cult, and the area around Gipfels became famous for the finest tobacco in the Moot. There was a price to this success, however. The mysterious spirit whose worship Dagobert brought back demanded a live sacrifice of a sentient being once each year on the Autumn Equinox. At first the victims were Halflings, but then Dagobert decided it would be easier to take someone from among the traders and others who visited Gipfel during the harvest season. Preferably someone from far away, so his or her disappearance could be easily explained, should anyone inquire. In front of the entire village, Dagobert slaughters the victim in the fields at the stroke of midnight and lets their blood drain into the ground. They then bury the body under one of the communal warehouses, whilst the victim's goods are divided among the villagers. So far the scheme has worked like a charm, and the spirit whatever it is - has rewarded its worshippers well.

The Ahern Forest

Straddling the road from Eiches Schatten to Worden, the Ahern Forest is an ancient stand of hoary oaks, maples, birch, and chestnut that is almost all that is left of a forest that once covered the Mootland. In the days before the founding of the Empire and for long thereafter, the woods came to be known as haunted by "spirits of the Old Ways"—mysterious blood drinking Ghosts of a forgotten religion. When the land was given to the Halflings the Altes Mutterholz ("Old Mother Woods") already had a reputation for being cursed.



To this day, the Ahern Forest has a bad reputation with the Halflings of the Moot: It is haunted, many say, and strange sounds are heard from it on foggy nights. Those who enter the forest rarely come out again, or come back with their minds broken. Once, according to the proprietors of the Laughing Rabbit Inn at the western end of the forest, a large party of noble hunters including a priest of Sigmar entered the wood, promising to bring back the head of the beast that must be the cause of the strange goings-on.

A week later, one horse returned, so badly injured it had to be put down. Of the hunting party, there was no sign.

There is, however, traffic along the old road that passes through the forest. Popular belief holds that if you stick to the road and make it through the forest before nightfall, then you will be safe. Slow travellers still in the forest when the sun falls camp by the roadside, but few can sleep through night. Thus, inns at both ends cater to travellers who stop for the night to get an early start, and those exiting the forest in need of a rest. Owned by the same Hailing clan that owns the Laughing Rabbit, the Red Hart sits at the eastern end. The proprietors of each deny there is any truth to the rumours that the locals bet on who will make it through.

Sauerapfel

Near where the Aver enters Averland sits the village of Sauerapfel, so named for its famous apple groves, which stretch for miles and miles around the village on both sides of the river. Sauerapfel has close relations with Halstedt, the nearest Stirlander town and its primary market. It also enjoys the revenues from its small port, which handles riverboat traffic entering and leaving the Moot.

Of all the Moorish towns, Sauerapfel deals the most with outsiders, and its residents like to think of themselves as more sophisticated than their "country cousins" in the interior, while people in the rest of the Moot tire easily when someone from Sauerapfel "puts on airs." It is true, however, that Sauerapfel and its environs produce the highest numbers of "adventuring Halflings" of any area in the Moot. When asked why, Sauerapfellers like to wink and say, "It's to get away from all the excitement here Sauerapfel is also well known for its harvest festival, which has, naturally, an apple theme. The festival is held during Pie Week, and is marked by games and contests, such as pie baking, apple-bobbing, pig jigger, and the infamous "kiss-scrump" (this last tag-like game is the cause of more than one child who doesn't look like his "father"). Like many festivals throughout the Empire, the Sauerapfel celebration includes people wearing outlandish costumes as a way to poke fun at that which frightens them, such as Daemons, Ores, and Beastmen. There is a twist here, however: Many of the costumes represent Humans, and each costume hides two Halflings, usually with one standing atop the other's shoulders. (Again, many children are said to be conceived during these sorts of celebrations...) Many costumes bear a strong resemblance to Human political figures, especially if they have done anything to irritate the Halflings in past years. The Halflings of the Moot claim it is all in good fun, but the Humans lampooned do not find it funny at all.

The Moot area is in no great peculiarities as far as land is concerned. With an abundance of gently sloping hills, crystal clear rivers and small forests, Halflings have an idyllic place to live.





HISTORY OF THE MOOT

Night at the World's Edge

Up until the Imperial year 2522, the province of Mootland suffered no worse events than the occasional poor harvest, and the resulting uproar of grumbling Halflings. Most of the short, rosy cheeked folk knew little of war except from the stories of returning Imperial Crows from their duty in the Empire army, and even then that view was rather short sighted as often they would only serve as field cooks. For many centuries, although the surrounding lands had suffered countless conflicts, the Moot had avoided war through either sheer luck, or some hidden force unknown to the Old World. But war was coming, as it had long ago when Gorbad Ironclaw decimated his way through the province, and the unsuspecting Halflings would need to rise up in arms if they were to continue their simple lives.

Falco Munchfoot was a Halfling with a most looked down upon adventuring flair. The long days of feasting and petty theft which most Halflings were content with was not for Falco, who left the Moot as he came of age to join the Imperial army. Serving in a few civil uprisings and the occasional Beastman raid his skills with the bow far surpassed his peers and he soon became respected not only by his fellow Halflings, but by the captains of the Empire also. Still, this did not lessen his appetite for adventure and he left to become a hireling travelling all the Old World. For many years he wandered the lands, often in the employ of many varied war bands with a range of reputations.

The Munchfoot family have a long history of surviving, one Tully Munchfoot, of the early settlers in the Moot survived an entire Night Goblin attack while the rest of the army was destroyed. Again, centuries later, when Stillwater was raised to the ground Perryladoc Munchfoot led the survivors of Gorbad Ironclaw to safety while the rest of the Moot was mercilessly slaughtered. Falco has survived many similar situations which lesser men would not have, a unique ring handed down from father to son through the family line has undoubtedly aided in someone of such small stature in surviving along with his exceptional luck.

It was not soon after he saved the life of a travelling Elven prince, where he was gifted his sword Glammyding that Falco returned to the Moot, joining the Rangers soon after as a Field Warden patrolling the borders for signs of enemy raids. It was in once such patrol the events that led to such a change in the Halfling way of life.



On the far eastern edge of the Mootland border, near the original site of Stillwater overshadowed by the Worlds Edge Mountains, Falco Munchfoot led his patrol of Rangers and scouts through the light woodland on route to the next outpost where they would rest before moving on. It had been a great many weeks since the last sign of an enemy and the small force was looking forward to a warm bed. But it was not to be had, for almost the instant Stillwater Outpost came into view a huge number of wildly screaming goblins, dark hoods over their heads and crooked, evil yellow moons on their shields.

The outpost was close and Falco knew that if he could reach it, a signal could be sent warning the local villages of the attack. He ordered the scouts on their sturdy Moot horses to ride ahead and led his Rangers along the wood line ready to strike the Goblin raiders while they were distracted with the horsemen. A stout troop of Watchmen marched up ready to take the frantic Goblin charge while the Chef prepared a Hot Pot to hurl into the oncoming horde.

Just as the Scouts reached the Outpost three whirling Goblins wielding gigantic chains and balls span towards them, only missing them by an inch the fanatical Goblins careered into an outlying wall destroying it and themselves in a grisly tangle of chains, limbs and stone. A horseman dropped off and entered the tower to send off the warning signal while the remainder circled around to rain down stones on the Goblins with their slings.

The front line of the charging foe was decimated by a swift volley from Falco's Rangers and the remainder finally reached the unit of Halfling Watchmen. Where Night Goblins would not normally be much of an effort for a trained human soldier, for a Halfling they are a fairly tough opponent and the Watchmen, used to dealing with poachers and thieves were struggling against the mushroom-drug fuelled enemy.

Falco rounded up his men and charged into the flanks, just as the ground started to tremble and what appeared to be several large snarling mouths started chewing up through the ground. The terrified Watchmen almost dropped their weapons and fled, if it wasn't for the quick thinking of Ned Hardbuckle the Chef who tipped the Hot Pot over onto the emerging monstrosities (although later reports say the pot collapsed on its own by unknown causes), its corrosive contents scalding and dissolving the red leathery flesh and the squealing creatures retreated back into the holes they came from. This brave act spurred on the remaining Halfling Watchmen and along with Falco and his men they sent the Goblins into the night.

Delayed Dinners

Soon after the ambush at Stillwater outpost, Falco and his troops began the march to Leedlton. It was an uneventful journey, only stopping only to warn the occasional farmer along the way, and it wasn't before they arrived. If the signal from the outpost had been noticed, the Halflings of Leedlton seemed undeterred from their daily business. While the normal Halfling thought upon entering a village after a long days travel would be to visit the local

tavern for a full seven course meal, Falco marched straight to the town elder's home and informed him of the previous day's events. The elder seemed unworried by the news, dismissing it as a simple raid and nothing else, Falco however thought otherwise.

It required much bribery with food and many promises of festivals to come and trinkets to be gained, but Falco managed to get the town watch organised along with some local Ogres (who in exchange for slap up meals do the brunt of the hard labour) and farmers from outlying villages. Along with his own rangers and border patrol he hoped it would be enough to repel any further invasions.

It wasn't long until scouts from other patrols in the area arrived in the town, bearing similar news and reports of Night Goblin war bands massing together near the border. This was a much greater worry than Falco had first imagined, this was no longer a simple raid to loot and pillage but the beginnings of an invasion into the heart of the Mootland. Falco set watchmen as lookouts and told the rag tag militia to stand to and remain prepared for battle, to which there were many grumbling of missed meals.

Later that evening, just as darkness fell the Night Goblins attacked. The greatest war host the Moot had seem for many centuries, almost competing with the great Waaagh of Gorbard Ironclaw in the eighteenth century. Huge hordes of screaming Night Goblins joined with snarling blood red Squigs and groups of gigantic grey Stone Trolls from the mountains. Falco knew he would need a much greater force if they were to defeat this enemy, but for now they would need to hold the foe back while the rest of the townspeople fled to the Horsby Ferry Crossing.

Putting down their dinners, the Stalwart Halfling Militia formed up in front of the town under Falco's direction, stomachs full to bursting giving them a stubborn aura of defence. The crazed Night goblins hit the line not long after they had formed, but the prepared Militia and angry Farmers fought valiantly from behind the makeshift barricades. The trained militia using their spears effectively against the massed ranks of the enemy while the Farmers, having honed their strength in the fields for many years, swung their scythes and prodded with their pitchforks with deadly efficiency.

Although they took the initial charge well, the Halflings were greatly outnumbered and once the trolls lumbered in attacking with their huge boulders and clubs, many of the militia were sent flying through the air to their deaths. Even the chefs with their Hot Pots couldn't cause enough casualties and were attacked by groups of fast moving Squigs being herded around the flanks. The



Moot Ogres, seeing the providers of their much loved dinners in danger, rumbled over determined to destroy anything that would stop them getting fed after the battle. The Ogres waded in the red swarm, picking up the rampaging Squigs by their tails and slinging them back into the Night Goblin Hordes as living missiles, stomping and kicking any that got underfoot. Once the Chefs were safe the Ogres charged back into the masses, not before grabbing a Hop Pot to consume on the way.

Unfortunately the rest of the battle was not going so well, Trolls were decimating the militia, but at least the townspeople had gotten a chance to escape. Falco ordered the retreat and unit by unit the Halflings fell back through the town, a few brave (enraged and stupid) Ogres fought on defending the battered body of a Chef, luckily holding the foe back long enough for the Militia to mount up and flee the town. Although the majority of the Night Goblin horde was content with destroying the remaining buildings and looting the town, a large portion continued to pursue the retreating army towards the Horsby ferry crossing...

Flight to the Ferry

As the remainder of Falco's militia retreated they knew it was only a matter of time until the Night Goblin war band ran out of building to burn and moved on, scouts had already reported that a fast moving force was in pursuit and would reach them within a few hours, about the same amount of time it would take them to reach the ferry crossing. Falco sent on the scouts to warn the Horsby family and gather any other retreating militia to form a defence line at the river.

As the Horsby's river house came in to view, so did the pursuing Night Goblins, many of them hopping along on Cave Squigs and others were bounding across on wild wolves from the mountains. The slaving mouths of the wolves, eager for flesh, along with the snarling teeth of the Squigs set the Halflings into a gallop, desperate to avoid the clutches of the Night Goblins. As they neared the ferry crossing Falco could see a small force gathered to cover their retreat. Ranks of Halflings with any available ranged weapon they could find stood ready. Many with varying types of bows, some with slings and one, encased in a ridiculously large iron breastplate even held a crossbow! Although it looked old and slightly oversized in the hands of a Halfling, he held it steady and sure. A trio of cooks readying a festivals worth of Hot Pots were in place to launch their boiling and corrosive missiles over the enemy.

It wasn't long before the chasing Goblins were hot on their heels, the Mootland horses just not fast enough to outrun them. Fortunately the assorted

Halfling archers were in range and the first volley was loosed, many of the pursuers fell but there were plenty to take their place, the Halflings only hope was to board the ferry as cross to the far side. The cooks unleashed their Hot Pots and many of the Night Goblins fell from their mounts screaming as their skin burned and melted, but still they kept coming, nothing was going to deter them from their prey.

Falco had a Squig and its Night Goblin rider snapping at his horse's tail, luckily his ring gave him enough concealment that the enemy couldn't quite capture him. But the Goblin was getting wise and spurred his Squig into a great hop to land right on top of Falco, but as he turned to defend himself from the descending maw of razor sharp teeth, a crossbow bolt slammed into the Squig's mouth sending it hurtling back. Falco looked over at the crossbowman, the last Halfling on this side of the river, just as he stepped onto the ferry. They were on their own for the last sprint and Halflings were being pulled from their mounts all along the line and not many were from his original patrol remained, even one of his skilled Rangers had fallen and only four loyal companions were left.

They rode hard and dismounted by the ferry, the rest of the Halflings who had made it across the ferry formed back into their units and began raining down arrows and stones on the enemy in support.

This allowed Falco and the remainder of the militia time to form a defensive formation on the ferry dock while the ferry was drawn back across, it wouldn't take long but the Night Goblins would be on top of them in seconds.

The enemy hit hard, but could not get a decent charge down on the ferry dock and many of the mounted raiders came in too fast and overshot their targets, landing in the deep and fast flowing River Aver. Falco pulled his glowing sword, Glammyding, from its sheaf and took to the Night Goblins ferociously. The sword not only gave the bearer great strength, but all goblins remembered and feared the sword from the Goblin Wars many years ago. The defenders of the ferry were greatly outnumbered but Falco held them back with his sword, many enemy struggling to even strike a blow they feared the blade so much.

The ferry eventually arrived, after what seemed like an age to the defenders, and they swiftly boarded. Falco was the last to step off, being the only one who could hold back the tide of enemy. Once the ferry began to cross the rampaging Squigs were uncontrollable and attempted to jump on to the ferry before it reached the other side, most fell into the River but one almost made it onto the ferry and

would have if it wasn't for another impressive shot from the crossbowman on the far shore.

Once Falco and the remaining men stepped off the ferry the Night goblins saw they were defeated, and after a few more failed attempts to jump the river, the surviving pursuers turned tail and headed back the way they came. Once the army had recovered Falco found the Halfling deadeye crossbowman, Stumpo Shingletom, and congratulated him on his shots in the battle. He also offered him six meals a day to serve as his personal bodyguard which Stumpo immediately agreed to. Falco left enough of a defence to guard the ferry crossing and marched his men toward Bogglewort, after supper of course.

Shadows in the Mist

Feeling slightly safer on the opposite side of the river to the enemy, the weary Halflings made camp for the rest of the night to recover their strength. At the first sign of morning, although the sun shrouded by fog and clouds, they made a light breakfast and marched onwards along the road to Bogglewort. Less than ten leagues down the road Falco saw signs of moving troops in the distance, wary that they may be enemy he sent up his scouts, who soon confirmed they were friendly troops who had heard of the upset (due to a missed delivery of Leedton finest Ale) and were marching to assist where they could.

Not soon after the scouts had reported back Falco heard the unmistakable sound of terrified marshals attempting to order their troops into formation, unbeknown to them the force from Bogglewort had seen shadows moving in the fog and were taking up defensive positions behind hedges and fences along the road. Falco ordered his ranked units to move up the road in support while he and his Rangers, along with others gathered from the river crossing, moved into the woods to get a better sight of the enemy.

As he neared the edge of the wood line, Falco saw what had horrified the other Halflings; marching through the mist were dozens of skeletal and shambling figures with a dark aura surrounding them. Evil chanting came from the distance and glowing spirits, barely noticeable in the fog drifted towards the road. One of his rangers loosed an arrow which flew straight through the apparitions as if nothing had happened, luckily the walking dead seemed not to notice but Falco knew this would not be an easy fight.

Back on the road Falco's support had reached the Halflings from Bogglewort and took up defensive formations, the walking dead would soon reach the road and a bloody battle would ensue. The foremost unit of archers fired a volley towards the walkers in the mist, only to see them pass straight through

most of them harmlessly, their skeletal and rotting bodies almost immune to the arrows. Undeterred, the Halflings switched to their trusty slings and unleashed a hail of stones, the larger blunt missiles causing much more damage to the brittle bones and a great many fell as they advanced. As they reached the road the Ogres from Bogglewort waded in with their great clubs and fists causing devastation to the undead foe, but before long the walkers took to avoiding the Ogres like water flowing around a rock. This greatly angered the large brutes who took to picking up the walking corpses and throwing them into the masses, it wasn't hugely effective but the Ogres enjoyed it immensely.

Nearly all the Halflings were now in combat, but fortunately the Ogres were causing enough disruption to keep them from being overwhelmed. Just as the Militia thought they were getting the upper hand, the spirit hosts swooped through the ranks taking the souls straight from those they passed through immune to the Halflings weapons. Panic was in the air, but luckily the chef's had cooked a particularly good breakfast and the plucky Halflings remained resolute.

Meanwhile, Falco and his Rangers had moved further around the wood towards the chanting voice, where they saw in dark robed man atop a burial mound, surrounded by mystical red swirls of magic. Undead walkers were rising from the base of the mound and marching onwards toward the road in an endless line and Falco knew this dark Necromancer was the source of the scourge. He notched an arrow in his trusty bow, aimed and loosed at the Necromancer striking him solidly in his chest. The dark enemy seemed to barely notice, but the chanting ceased. Falco and his Rangers launched a volley straight at the vulnerable man, Stumpo, his newfound bodyguard, struck him true



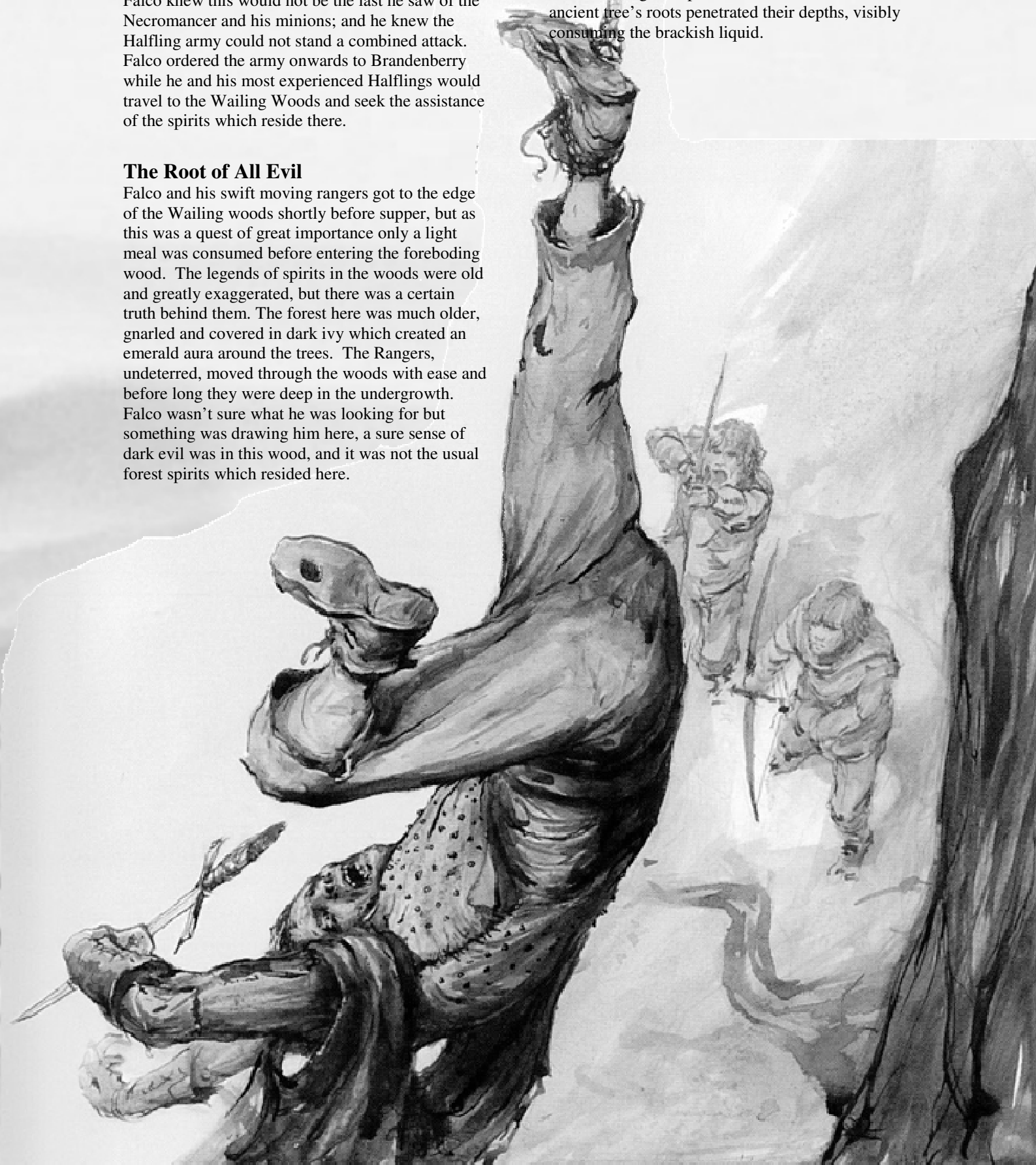
and he fell to one knee, but before another shot could be loosed the Necromancer had fled into the mist. The remaining skeletal figures fell to the ground and the spirits faded, much to the relief of the Militia and annoyance of the Ogres (who had been enjoying their game).

As the mists dissipated and the army consolidated, Falco knew this would not be the last he saw of the Necromancer and his minions; and he knew the Halfling army could not stand a combined attack. Falco ordered the army onwards to Brandenberry while he and his most experienced Halflings would travel to the Wailing Woods and seek the assistance of the spirits which reside there.

The Root of All Evil

Falco and his swift moving rangers got to the edge of the Wailing woods shortly before supper, but as this was a quest of great importance only a light meal was consumed before entering the foreboding wood. The legends of spirits in the woods were old and greatly exaggerated, but there was a certain truth behind them. The forest here was much older, gnarled and covered in dark ivy which created an emerald aura around the trees. The Rangers, undeterred, moved through the woods with ease and before long they were deep in the undergrowth. Falco wasn't sure what he was looking for but something was drawing him here, a sure sense of dark evil was in this wood, and it was not the usual forest spirits which resided here.

Just as the sun began to set, Falco noticed movement far into the trees. He alerted his fellows and they stalked towards the movement, crouched low with their bows drawn. The Rangers followed until they reached a clearing in the woods, in the centre was a circle of engraved stones surrounding the most ancient and strange looking tree in all the wailing wood. The clearing was steeped in murky water forming dark pools around the stones and the ancient tree's roots penetrated their depths, visibly consuming the brackish liquid.



As the Halflings stepped into the clearing, each one of them felt as if a thousand eyes were upon him. They cautiously crept up to the gnarled old tree and as they got close, Falco noticed that what appeared at first to be thick ivy surrounding the tree were actually heavy iron chains constraining it to the ground. With barely enough time to wonder why a tree would be imprisoned like this, the Rangers as one turned to the wood line surrounding them; they all saw dozens of creatures with glowing purple eyes moving from the trees and could sense their evil intent. Strange beasts of the like never seem before by Halflings in the Moot; Elven-like Centaurs, strange green Minotaur creatures and Unicorns amongst many others. The entrapped Rangers turned to the tree in mind to climb to the top and fight to the last, but as they did a deep rumbling voice came from the bound wooden prisoner telling Falco to release him. Having no other option unless he wished for a grisly death, Falco pulled Glammyding from its sheaf and swung down on the nearest chain, shattering it into fragments. After a few more sheared chains, the Ancient Treeman surged up, pulling the remaining constraints from the ground and stepped towards the oncoming beasts. He paused for a second only to pick up Falco and place him high in his branches, then continued his lumbering march.

The rest of Falco's Rangers, along with Stumpo, took up positions around the stone circle and began accurately peppering the oncoming woodland spirits with as arrows. Falco and his newfound friend (who later told him his name, Woodthorn) had reached a large group of the fantastical beasts and the great tree began swinging his huge branch-like arms at the enemy, sending many of their broken bodies flying back into the woods. Other larger creatures he picked up, slamming them back into the ground, crushing them, before moving on to the next opponent.

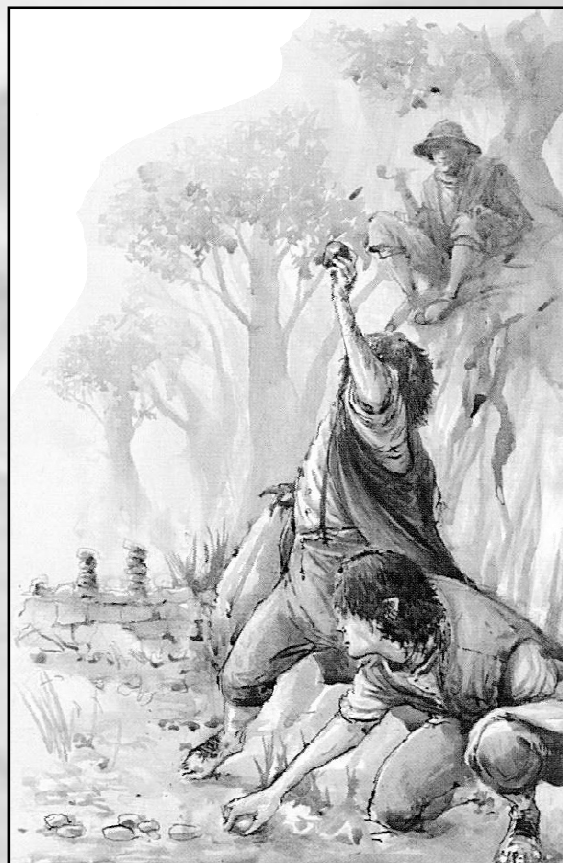
Although the Ancient Treeman was powerful and easily outmatched each of the corrupted spirits in single combat, Woodthorn was slowly being overwhelmed. Smaller goat-like creatures were getting inside his reach and crawling up his vine covered bark. Falco, who excelled at the climbing of trees, was deftly moving about the braches hacking away at any creatures which broke through. But it still wasn't enough, enemies from the wood kept appearing and in increasing numbers.

Woodthorn dropped down, struggling to control the onslaught of enemy, and as he did a dark sorcerer appeared from the trees with a cruel black mask and a twisted staff topped with glowing purple stone. Strands of ethereal matter snaked from the stone to each of the possessed beasts attacking Woodthorn.

Seeing this, Falco told the Treeman to throw him towards the sorcerer and with a huge burst of raw power Woodthorn dislodged his attackers and rose up. The great tree reached back with his Halfling missile and threw sending Falco, with Glammyding drawn, flying through the air. Landing in a dark pool, Falco rolled into the landing coming up in front of the chaotic sorcerer, his magic sword headed straight for its heart.

Deflected at the last second by the sorcerer's unnatural speed, Falco only dodged the riposte due to his concealing ring. Fortunately Stumpo had noticed his leader's plan and began to hit Falco's opponent with bolts from his crossbow in-between his attacks. The Rangers followed suit and the evil sorcerer couldn't deflect so many attacks and eventually an arrow hit home, lowering his guard enough for Falco to strike a devastating blow. Almost immediately after he fell, the beasts attacking Woodthorn paused as the purple glow in their eyes dissipating, and then disappeared into the woods.

Falco and his men gathered around Old Woodthorn, the ancient tree standing amid the pools as the darkness seemed to leave, and the late evening glow returned. Woodthorn gathered up the Halflings into his branches and pledged his spirit to Falco. Now he had gained the help of the great woodland spirit, they began the long march to Brandenberry.



Renewed Valour

Woodthorn marched through the night while the Halflings, weary from many days of hard fighting, slept amongst the branches. Early morning, just as Brandenberry came into view, a downpour of rain descended from the skies turning the ground into a muddy maze of pools and dirty streams.

As Falco strode into the Halfling town atop his enormous walking tree every group of watchmen, militia and even the Mootland Ogres looked up from their meals and stared in wonder. Old Woodthorn the Ancient Treeman was a sight to behold, never before seen in all the Moot, indeed it would be a rare sight in all the Old World. From his living wooden pedestal, Falco called to all the dreary looking troops camped about the town; he told them of the impending forces massing against them and how if they were to continue feasting daily on Bogglewort pies and Leedlton Ales they must fight, and push the evil Night Goblins back into the mountains.

The Halflings saw the great host of Night Goblins marching into view shortly after lunch, huge hordes of hooded Goblins prodding unruly mobs of cave Squigs towards the Town. Lumbering Trolls moved alongside the mass of green troops, some were coated in a crusty red paint with groups of Squigs following behind like pets. Some Night Goblins pushed in crude looking war machines or rode snarling wolves. Falco ordered the Halfling troops into formations, with the Watchmen and Archer forming the mainstay of the line, Hot Pots to the rear with field kitchens dishing out meals before the battle, and Ogres supporting the flanks. Some of the younger Halflings trotted off to the local woods to find wild Boar they could coax into battle.

As the enemy forces drew close, the archers began firing volleys of accurate arrows into the foremost ranks while the Hot Pots launched their corrosive contents into the biggest masses of troops to cause maximum disruption. The charging enemy struggling against the boggy mud and streams were slow to reach the Halfling line and took heavy casualties before even one citizen of the Moot fell.

The Halfling scouts moved around the flanks of the enemy, harrying them with slingshot and disabling the enemy's war machines as best they could, but the hordes had hit the defensive lines hard and were making a horrendous impact on the troops. The great red painted Trolls picked up their Squig followers and threw them overhead causing devastation behind the lines. Woodthorn and Falco were at the forefront clearing great swathes of Goblins away from the Halflings and the Young

adventurous Halflings had returned from the woods atop savage wild Boars which they barely managed to direct into the Night Goblins, but when they did hit it took them by great surprise and the foe fled in screaming mobs away from the rampaging tusks. Falco knew that it was not enough and slowly they would be beaten back.

Suddenly, to the sound of a great horn blast and professional captains barking at their troops, a column of state troops in the colours of Stirland marched in from the road. Moving into formation they began their charge into the Night Goblin flank, although they were not the largest force, their well trained swordsmen and halberdiers, along with supporting detachments made a significant impact, allowing the Halflings to consolidate their troops and regain the advantage.



With renewed valour, from a swiftly consumed meal from the field kitchen, the Watchmen and their Ogre support decimated the weakened enemy. The ogres with their great axes and pole arms sliced groups of goblins with each stroke while the smaller Halflings, using their larger companion for protection, struck out with their spears keeping the foe at bay. All the while, Halflings in the rear kept a steady stream of sling stones coming overhead, knocking many a goblin unconscious.

This stout defence from the Mootlanders had taken its toll on the Night Goblin offensive and with the Empire's timely arrival they fled. A few Trolls and Squigs, perhaps to dim-witted to realise the battle was lost, carried on the fight but were soon put down by the victorious militia. The death toll on the Night Goblin horde was great, not even a tenth of the original attacking army survived to flee into the mountains. However the Halflings had not won the war so easily and more than half of the defence at Brandenberry were slain.

The Moot was saved, Falco Munchfoot's rallying of the Halfling defenders from the first skirmish, to the final battle had certainly stopped the lands from being overrun. As he surveyed the remaining Militia, their usual cheery red faces replaced with stout and battle worn looks, he realised the first Army of the Moot had been founded, and any further attacks into their lands would be repelled with a vigilance never before seen.

THE REVOLTING MOOT

In early 2502, the Electors of Stirland and Averland pledged their armies to a campaign against the Goblin Warlord Nhobgarg whose army was gathering in the Worlds Edge Mountains. The only snag was how to join the two state armies together, a problem that Marius Leitdorf, Elector of Averland, solved by seeking permission from the Moot's Elders to build roads through their territory.

After a colossal bribe of gold and roastable animals, an accord was reached and Leitdorf sent engineers into the Moot to construct roads and, crucially, build a modern stone bridge over the River Stir.

Other than the rampant larceny that any visitor to the Moot must endure, the engineers made good progress. It was not until the first pilings for the new bridge were sunk that the troubles began. Each morning, stones that had been set in place the day before had mysteriously vanished. Setting guards didn't seem to work – they had a tendency to vanish too, only to turn up several days later, bound and gagged in a ditch.

The engineer in charge of the construction petitioned the Elders, suspecting that the Tomfiddle family; a sprawling clan who operated the local ferry, were behind the delays. After much shaking of heads the Elders rebuffed him, explaining that the permission granted was to strengthen and construct new roads, not bridges, and sadly they were powerless to assist in this matter.

Shortly thereafter, Leitdorf flew into one of his splendid rages and assembled the army of Averland to, in his words, "slaughter every one of the malodorous runts". Leitdorf led his army across the southern border of the Moot. Fearful for their lives, the Elders of the Moot sent a huge force of Halflings to stop them.

The Battle of Nearstream has since passed into history as the army of Averland's most successful, though not its noblest, engagement. Once the Averlanders came into sight, the Halflings arrayed before them began to panic, and were mercilessly cut down as they scrambled for safety.

With their main force defeated, the Elders of the Moot went into hiding, desperately penning letters calling for aid from any who would listen. By this point, nearly three-quarters of Leitdorf's army had abandoned him, utterly dismayed at his barbarity. The Elector Count had lost what little wits he had remaining, and could he seen stalking the mist-shrouded fields in the small hours, screaming challenges at trees and shrubs. Unaware that an army was even now marching from Altdorf to curb his excesses, he directed his engineers to finish the bridge that had started the war. The fighting was not yet done, however.

Of all the frantic messengers that were sent out as the fighting began, most met an unpleasant end. Fortunately for the besieged Halflings, two were heeded. The first made it to Altdorf where he encountered the mercenary Lumpin Croop. Outraged at the attack on the Moot, he mustered his Fighting Cocks. More decisive though was the courier who was brought before the emissaries of the Ogre Tyrant, Blaut Feastmaster. The Ogre, knowing full well of the Halfling famous gourmet skills, agreed to help them in return of one whole year's supply of food.

Leitdorf soon learnt that the Emperor's armies were marching to the Moot to bring him to book. This being the case, the only chance Leitdorf had to retain his position (and his head) was to stave off the assault of the Feastmaster Tribe and claim it was all a carefully crafted plan to lure the brutes into an ambush.

In concert with some infiltrating malcontents, the Ogres sprung the assault on Leitdorf's poorly-led and tired army. Despite this, he managed to rally his troops and repel the foe! While the details of the battle are scarce at best, some say it was due to the Halflings meddling that Leitdorf managed to snag this victory from the jaws of defeat, where a sudden panic through the Halfling ranks was seen as a way of getting out of their part of the deal by the Ogres. Leitdorf on the other hand, was convinced that the Halflings had done it on purpose in order to spring a trap on the Ogres, which were now on their own.

After the battle, Leitdorf rewarded the "brave" Halflings with their very own Steam Tank, "Kathleen". The Halflings, surprised they were going to keep their heads in the first place, gladly accepted the gift. Since that day, the Moot and Averland have been in a mostly easy going, if confusing, alliance with one another.

THE CRONICLES OF THE MOOT

- 800-1000 During these years a movement arose among Halfling communities. Without rest, many Halflings protest against the Counts and the Emperor's Court, demanding to have their own homeland. Most of the counts are reluctant to cede a large territory.
- 992 The tension grows and Halflings communities in Altdorf, Nuln, Middenheim Talabheim and isolated, cut off by creating areas free of human presence.
- 994 Phillipol Furfoot is elected representative of the Halflings in Altdorf and seeks to convince the rulers of the Halflings are also entitled to have a homeland.
- 995-1008 Furfoot work hard to make all the rulers of the Empire become aware of the problem. Despite achieving their goal, no one is willing to cede any territory.
- 1000 Emperor Ludwig the Fat issues royal charter to the Halflings of the Moot granting them administrative autonomy and an Imperial vote.
- 1009 Reikland invading Orcs. Short of troops, the Emperor goes to Furfoot in search of support. Furfoot group gets Halfling communities in Nuln, Talabheim and Altdorf under one banner and helps the imperial troops in Reikland.
- 1010 The ancestors of the Halfling race are granted the lands around the upper Aver as their permanent home after their priceless help within the armies (mainly the kitchens!) of the Empire. Historians argue that Furfoot was able to press the Emperor to sign a secret agreement before the service was provided. The area was called the Moot to remember the difficult circumstances under which it was formed, and how the Halflings.
- 1010-1500 This period is known as the Migration. Now that his homeland was a reality, Halflings from all over the known world begin to migrate to the Moot. Migration was slow, despite everything, as established in a new place and start a new life is not easy to do for a Halfling.
- 1105 The village of Stillwater is founded along the banks of the Blue Reach, a tributary of the Aver, by a group of adventurous Halflings seeking interesting and exotic cooking ingredients. This is the most easterly of all Halfling settlements.
- 1111-1115 The Black Death devastates the Empire. As the House remains largely unsettled, the effects of the plague are mild. Migration increases when all the families move to the Moot before their former homes fall under the Black Death.
- 1150 Stillwater is attacked by Night Goblins from the Worlds Edge Mountains. Many Halflings are slaughtered before a stout defence is organised and the Goblin raiders seen off. Village Elder Cokey Mushroompad calls a meeting and in accordance with old tradition a banquet to discuss a way of organising a better defence.
- 1151 Cokey's son Rumple is dispatched with some of the bravest Halflings to locate the Night Goblin band responsible and wreak revenge. They do not return.
- 1162 Of the brave band of Halflings sent east to the mountains years earlier only Tully Munchfoot returns. He tells of a brutal battle in the foothills of the Worlds Edge Mountains and of the brave sacrifice of his comrades. Tully wandered lost in the wilderness for years in dark lands he was loath to describe. He discovers a new kind of potato during his wanderings that later becomes a famous part of imperial cuisine. Tully is awarded the Stillwater Helmet for bravery and the community's brass wheat-husk for tremendous crop contribution.
- 1287 Stillwater is raided by a foul Necromancer intent on slaying and raising the entire population. It is only saved by the timely intervention of a fey, wandering Wizard and there is much wondrous mutterings of Elves and faerie-folk. The damage to Stillwater is fairly extensive although only one Halfling loses his life, Gamble Dovebright.

- 1288 A bumper harvest is raised by the Dovebright family leading to speculation that Gamble was a saint. A three foot (scale) statue is erected to commemorate the great hero.
- 1349 Stillwater is under attack again this time from the Shallowpit Snotling movement. A fierce battle is fought and against all the odds the villagers are victorious. A mammoth banquet is planned and over the next few years the cuisine of the Moot and indeed the Empire are influenced by the exotic recipes coming out of Stillwater.
- 1360 After a long and prosperous period of peace during which the village of Stillwater is central to most of the revolutionary farming techniques that are passed on to the rest of the Moot and the Empire. Scouts report of Goblins amassing in the foothills of the Worlds Edge Mountains Once more.
- 1373 This is the period of the three Emperors during which the Halflings seek political employment amongst the warring factions as field cooks, scouts and occasionally in battle as mercenaries.
- 1707 Waaagh Gorbada. The Orc Warlord Gorbada Ironclaw leads a massive Waaagh through Black Fire Pass deep into the Empire raising Nuln and the Moot as he goes. This is pre-empted by an attack on Stillwater from the same tribe of Night Goblins that invaded in 1150. Despite a valiant defence the hopelessly outnumbered defenders are cut down by the whirling death chains of the Goblin Fanatics and the village is burned to the ground. A mere handful of survivors led by Perryladoc Munchfoot (descendant of Tully) manage to escape with some of the ancient cookbooks and a few of the rare ingredients and spices to the devastated remains of the Moot. The Halfling race takes years to recover from the assaults of the Greenskins but emerge a tougher and more resilient people with an even bigger appetite.
- 1708-2100 The Moot is slowly rebuilt by pioneers who travelled from all parts of the old world. This period is often referred to as the second migration.
- 2302-2304 Magnus the Pious immerses the Empire in the Great War against Chaos. Some regiments of Halflings are grouped under the banner of the great orator Magnus.
- Present The strange and diminutive race of Halflings still produce several noteworthy heroes such as, Blood Bowl supremo Puggy Baconbreath (one time captain of the Bluebay Crammers, who went on to score a record 2 Touchdowns and consumed between four and six meals a match) and Vindaloo Warmglow (ace catcher for the Stunted Stoutfellows who, despite scoring career total of only 1 Touchdown went on to consume twelve lbs of snacks after a full seven course lunch) and the notorious investigator Sam 'Buttermere' Warble, teller of stories and star of two (now legendary) Old World mysteries...



Clegg the indomitable raced along the back alley, panting, his blood ringing in his ears. Behind him he could hear curses and the barking of the wolf-dogs kept by the city watch as they attempted to track his passage through the maze of back streets of Marienburg.

He skidded to a halt as the alley branched, his stomach wobbling with each breath, and risked a quick look behind him – he'd gained some time at least with the bailer twine he'd strung at knee-height in the doorways of the bank. He couldn't help sniggering – the Watch always fell for even the simplest tricks of Clegg the Incurable. He was sure that this latest theft; a ruby the size of his hand and four smaller diamonds nestled in a dirty handkerchief in his pocket, along with a fair sized pouch of gold coins that the Master of the Guard had been nursing for a rainy day.

Well... he held a small hairy hand up to the sky – it was raining. So he might as well spend the money. He emptied a small package of mustard powder over the floor around him, scattered it a little with his foot, and then clambered up the wall to his left, grunting as his stomach got in the way and his breeches groaned with the strain. He hung by his hands to the other side of the wall just long enough to hear the running steps of the Watch round the corner behind him, and then strolled casually along the back gardens of a row of dingy cottages, passing to take a handful of flowers from the borders before letting himself out into the main road by a small wattle gate.

He was barely at the front door of the tavern when agonised howling cut through the night air, followed by a chorus of pained whimpers. Sniffing his posy delicately, he grinned to himself at the thought of ferocious wolf-dogs trying to get the extra hot mustard powder out of their delicate noses. Clegg the Unscrupulous rides again!

He took a deep breath of the chill night air, and stepped in to the bar. The soft light didn't hurt his eyes at all, and the warm air embraced him with the contented murmurings of the travellers and regulars lounging at tables with pint mugs of cheap ale and other Halflings merrily chomping away at plates full of food. He stopped just inside the door to take stock of his surroundings, although the 'Cock and Bull' was almost exactly the same as the dozen other taverns littering the west side of Marienburg. Seeing nothing immediately threatening, he straightened, tugged his second best jacket into shape, and strode masterfully up to the bar. If he wanted a free meal, he'd have to play this by ear.

"Excuse me." He said politely, doffing his hat to the barmaid, she took no notice of him, slumping on a mountainous bar stool. Clegg the Mighty bounced a little higher on his toes, waving a stubby hand. "Excuse me, my good lady." He said, a note of irritation creeping into his voice. One of the other customers, a tall man with long hair and stubble, gazed down at him laconically and gave a short bark of laughter, before downing a measure of Ale/ he slammed the empty tankard on the bar and it was immediately refilled.

Clegg the Invincible's chest puffed out in indignation. "Excuse me, sir" he said tersely, "But I believe I was first!"

He shrugged at having to abandon his inbred good manners in front of so many people, flexed his shoulders, and started to climb up the warrior's leg. The man gave a shout of annoyance, stood up, and Clegg the Unimaginable somersaulted onto the bar, skidding a few feet on the polished surface. His foot happened to catch a few bottles as he did so, and unfortunately most of them, being of a highly unstable design, toppled to the floor. He turned a ducked a blow from the enraged barmaid.

"Now, now." He calmed her, "You wouldn't hit someone shorter than you, would you?" He produced the tattered bunch of flowers from his pocket and offered them to her on one knee. "You know," he whispered delicately in her ear, "If you were three feet shorter, you'd make some man a nice wife!"

He whirled and bowed to the people in the room, most of whom were looking at him by now, "Ladies and Gentlemen!" he cried, waving his arms and gesturing wildly. "I am Clegg the Unimpeachable, Champion of the rights of all folk, large and (most importantly), small." He took a deep breath and looked around him anxiously. Every pair of eyes in the place riveted on him. He sighed happily and settled back into his role. "I am being chased – nay, hounded, by the curs of the Watch, seeking to harm me because – simply because – I am a member of a persecuted minority who dares to stand up for his rights. I Clegg the Magnificent! Have gathered you here today to support me in my struggle against the evil forces of oppression. I shall ask you only for the small sum of eight copper coins apiece – and with that sum you will have purchased the piece of heart which I know you all – ugh –" He staggered backwards, clutching his heart, as another missile flew past him. A salt cellar cracked against the bar by his feet and burst open.

"Friends!" he cried. "You wound me! Five copper pieces is all I ask, to help feed a penniless, starving -" He gave a short scream and fell off behind the bar, propelled by a large, half chewed haunch of beef.

The inhabitants of the bar settled down to eat once again; the barmaid resumed her place, and everything returned to normal. Clegg sighed. Well, it nearly worked. He took a large bite out of the beef.

Suddenly the door of the tavern slammed open, and five uniformed men stood on the threshold, hands on their sword hilts.

"Yes officer?" said the barmaid, putting her foot heavily on the back of Clegg's head.

"You seen a Halfling in here?" asked the Watchman.

She smiled, and gestured at the little people who were interspersed about the tables, eating heartily. Most of them had their mouths full as they looked up. She shrugged, "Which one in particular were you looking for?"

The Watchman sighed, and motioned his men back through the door. "Believe me, you'd know if you saw this one." He murmured, grinning wryly.

"Yeah." Said the barmaid, inhaling. The door had scarcely shut when Clegg bounced back up onto the bar.

"Did you see that, Friends? The corruption of the Law strikes at even the most sacred of places, our own tavern! Did you hear that Watchman? Looking to get his foul clutches on any of you law abiding Halflings? We can take this no longer!" He dodged the clutches of the barmaid and pecked her nimbly on the cheek.

"Stand up for our rights! Come with me, Clegg the Mercenary king! Who among you is willing to fight for better food privileges?" He waved at the Halflings, beginning to infect them with his eagerness. "No more will we take second place in the grocery queues of the Old World! No longer will we be overlooked by those more top heavy than ourselves! Come; join my merry troupe of outlaw mercenaries, fighting for a better world!"

The other Halflings, easily swayed, one by one finished their meals and came to stand by him in a little mob at the front of the bar.

"You sure you don't want us to pay?" they asked suspiciously.

"What?" said Clegg the Chieftain, hurt, "You think I would elicit funds from my own brothers and sisters? No my friends – together we shall make money; take it from those richer than ourselves, even the balance once and for all – ah – ahhh –" He squeezed his eyes shut in a vain attempt not to sneeze, whipped the handkerchief out of his pocket, and blew his nose.

The Halflings watched in stunned disbelief as five gems rocketed out of his hand and embedded themselves in the wooden wall covering.

"My present to you faithful ones." Said Clegg, thinking on his feet. "These gems, finally given back to their rightful owners after hundreds of years – just a taste of the riches you'll have once you come back with me." Oh well, he thought. I'll be able to steal them back later.

He managed to take a last bite of the haunch of beef before being borne out on their shoulders, into the night, singing loudly.

During the next month, there were three unexplained attacks on parties of watchmen, one mistaken raid on a herd of sheep, and seventeen successful ambushes on food caravans to and from the city.

Sometime later, the band of hard-bitten mercenaries, chased from the surrounding countryside by a concerted effort of the Watch, offered themselves for hire to a Bretonnian army massing in the foothills to the south. The large army hired the Halflings at first to help cook for the massive horde that was at camp, but as soon as the fighting started they dropped their ladles (well some of them did) and proved to be an important, if not small, part of the Bretonnian victory against the Orcs from the Grey Mountains.

BESTIARY

In this section you will find information and rules for all of the different warriors, heroes, creatures and war machines in the Halfling army. At the end of the section are some special characters – famous Halflings that you can field in your army.

When Night Goblin hordes descend from the mountains or a Necromancer conjures up an army of undead with the intention of invading the Empire, the most common route of entry is usually through the Moot.

Halflings are a race that is known for its peaceful nature. However, in these situations the poor Halflings have no choice but to organize a makeshift army. Although some Halflings are used to patrol the border, as is the case with the Fieldwardens, and others have served the Emperor as a militia in the odd battle, virtually the entire army will be formed by farmers who defend their precious households with any tool at hand.

The small army will be usually be commanded by the leader of a village, a Mayor, or a Halfling popular with their neighbours. When the whole Moot should mobilize to repel an invasion, the Elders themselves can lead the troops.

Halflings are experts of the forests and have an extraordinary ability to move quickly and without making any noise in the interior of any forest. This gives them a tremendous advantage over their enemies to fight in forests, despite their small stature.

On the following pages are the complete rules for the models in the Halfling army. Each entry includes the models profile and special rules. This is normally in combination with the army list on pages ??-?? to create a force that can be used in a one-off game in Warhammer. However, players can also design scenarios with specific forces involved, or run a series of games in a campaign, both of which may well use the information in this section without recourse to the Halfling army list.

Special Rules

Many troop types have special rules to reflect their unique nature and abilities, and these are explained in the individual Bestiary entries that follow. To save space and repetition, where a model has a special rule that is explained in the Warhammer rulebook, only the name of the rule is given in this section. Refer to the special rules section of Warhammer for the full details of how the rule works. Similarly, the following rule applies to most units in this Bestiary, and as such is detailed here:

Short & Stout: Due to their small stature and high agility, the Halflings can easily avoid incoming blows by dodging to the side or beneath the legs of their attacker. All models with this rule are at -1 to hit in close combat.



Unquenchable Appetite: Halflings enjoy nothing more than to eat. On an ordinary day a Halfling eats six meals a day, and once one meal is finished they immediately look forward to the next. The Halfling Militia has no less of an appetite than the civilian folk, and in order to fight effectively, Halfling regiments need, at least, a quick snack before they get stuck in a fight.

At the start of the game, after all models in both armies have been deployed, the Halfling player must roll a D6 for each of his units and consult the Before Battle Meal table below. The affects of the meal last for the duration of the game, unless otherwise noted. Note that Halflings Characters, chariots and war machines are never affected by Unquenchable Appetite.

BEFORE BATTLE MEAL:

- | | |
|------------|--|
| 1 | Stale Rations The regiment is completely demoralized as their 'before battle meal' was spoiled with stale biscuits or moulding pepper cheese. As a result, the unit suffers a -1 penalty on all Leadership tests they are required to take. At the same time though, they are so furious about fighting before getting a good meal, that the unit becomes subject to Hatred. |
| 2-3 | Pepper Cakes and Buttermilk The unit may re-roll any failed psychology test. |
| 4-5 | Bacon Strips and Berry Wine The unit gains +1 Strength in their first round of close combat. |
| 6 | Oxtail Soup and Cinnamon Brandy The unit becomes Stubborn. |

COMMANDERS

In Halfling society, the individuals who hold the rank of "hero" are not those who perform great feats of war or demonstrate their courage and bravery in combat. No, Halflings who are considered heroes by their fellows are the ones organizing banquets, tournaments, the best parties and more fun. They are popular among village people and not seasoned veterans of a thousand and one battles.

The Elders are the local "rulers" of the Moot. It is a highly sought after title, as Elders and their Sheriffs are highly honoured at feasts.

However, the Elders must also lead the rare Halfling warriors into battle; making it a mixed honour amongst the Mootfolk.

A Halfling Elder is the bravest, toughest and obviously fattest Halfling in the army. Girth is as greatly respected by the Halfling people, as is skill with the bow, their principle weapon.

There may be more than one Elder present at any given time, but only one will actually hold the position of "Elder" which is the general of the army. The holder of the title is the one who commands and coordinates the defence of the Moot and the guards.

Halfling commanders are often respected civilian dignitaries, or members of noble families, elected as military members in times of war.

Often selected for perceived leadership and tactical skill they have risen through the ranks of the small Mootland armed forces. Although lacking the fighting skills of the commanders of the other races the commandant have a wide knowledge of the terrain of the Moot, they often use inspiring speeches to rouse the Halflings of the Moot and have deep coffers to hire foreigners to assisting defend their homeland.

The Sheriffs are local leaders within the Moot, often former toll guardsmen or forest rangers. Their reasonability's range from mayoral duties to policing disputes and crimes.

Other Sheriffs spend most of their time in the Empire training with the men. When they return to the Moot, they function as unit commanders

beneath the general, and they will elect from their close knit group his replacement when one is needed.

In times of crisis the local Sheriff is responsible for organizing the local defence and insuring the evacuation of the women and children. Most of their time however, is likely spent sleeping or drinking ale near the local inn.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Elder | 4 | 5 | 7 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 7 | 4 | 10 |
| Sheriff | 4 | 4 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 6 | 3 | 9 |

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Forest Strider



"Humans and their obsessions with titles. Such a bother."

—ELECTOR, COUNT/ELDER HISME STOUTHEART

ENCHANTERS

The first Halfling to be a wizard was a well known adventurer called Rob Robber. He was the very first Halfling to become student at the College of Magic in Altdorf. After many years of hard study and many adventures in the Empire and Kislev he returned to the Moot and proved to the Halflings, that even they were able to learn the art of magic. He created fantastic magical cakes and meals in front of a big audience of interested Halflings, and soon there were many Halflings sitting in their holes, exploring the secrets of magic.

With the years, the Halflings developed their own form of magic. Their form of magic is not yet taught at the College of Magic, but the Halflings wizards are now accepted by the patriarchs in Altdorf and they may even become students at the College of Magic.

Halflings are curious beings, feeling a great interest in everything that surrounds the wizarding world. The imperial wizards are always welcome in the Moot where they can get a free meal at any inn if they offer a small show for the host, like a fireworks show or a levitation trick.

Occasionally, some enthusiastic Halfling that seem adept gets to be accepted as an apprentice under the tutelage of the wizard. A lot of these characters fail to thrive as magicians and often their teachers give them the door to realize that their mere presence is repelling the magic they are supposed to learn.

But Halflings are very persistent, and the ones that do learn to wield magic are sent back to the Moot with outmost pride. Most of them only learn smaller tricks like being able to form shapes and coloured lights or moving objects with the mind, but some are able to control the magical powers and actually become real wizards.

The Grand Enchanters are the most powerful magic users in the Moot. By adapting some of the common spell learned at the Collages of Magic in Altdorf these magic users can be experts in the making of fireworks displays, dealing with sick livestock and animals to performing illusions for anyone who can afford their services. Although skilled in the Winds of Magic they rarely become as talented or well versed in its uses as the great mages of the other races.

Enchanters are lower ranking magic users who lack the knowledge and skill of the Grand Enchanters. Often these Magicians perform in the streets throughout the Moot and nearby imperial

communities with the hope of employment by local noble families.

One of the most appreciated tricks of magic is that for which the magician invokes a series of luminous spheres, dancing on the tables of the tavern.

Another very popular one s to grow and mature apples from a tree in seconds.

As trivial as most of these tricks are, when the town has to defend itself in difficult times, the Halflings can utilize their skills, minor as they are, in order to support their fellows in battle.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-----------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Grand Enchanter | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 5 | 1 | 9 |
| Enchanter | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 8 |

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Forest Strider

Resistant to Magic: Halfling are not good at channel the winds of magic through them, but they are also more able to dissipate hostile magic.

Grand Enchanters and Enchanters suffer -1 to cast all spells, but also gain +1 to dispel.

In addition, they cannot channel Power Dice in the Magic phase, but they channel Dispel Dice on a 5+ instead.



MOOT MAGIC

Halfling mages do not call upon the winds of magic as other mages do, instead, they draw upon their love of home and hearth, friends and family and their enjoyment of a good meal. Because of this, mootmages often prefer to work their spells in the presence of their communities, making them extremely practical in the home or kitchen.

To randomly generate a spell from the Lore of the Moot, roll a D6 and consult the table below. If you roll the same spell twice, you may choose which spell you want instead.

| D6 | Spell | Difficulty |
|----|--------|------------|
| 1 | Hearth | 5+ |
| 2 | Home | 6+ |
| 3 | Kith | 7+ |
| 4 | Kin | 8+ |
| 5 | Feast | 9+ |
| 6 | Famine | 11+ |

HEARTH

Cast on 6+

The Enchanter sends out an aura of warmth and comfort which aids and guides his allies.

Hearth is an augment spell. All Halflings within 12" of the caster gain +1 Weapon Skill and a 6+ Ward save until the start of the caster's next magic phase. If the caster is within 12" of a homestead, then he may raise the casting value of the spell to 10+. If he does this then all affected units also gain the Always Strikes First rule.

HOME

Cast on 6+

The caster calls upon his warmest memories, bringing the past into the present and restoring his loved ones to health.

Home is an augment spell. One target Halfling unit within 12" immediately regains D6 wounds worth of models lost earlier in the battle. If the caster is within 12" of a homestead, he may raise the casting value of the spell to 12+. If he does so, the targeted unit also gains Regeneration until the start of the caster's next magic phase.

KITH

Cast on 8+

The caster emboldens his allies, filling them with confidence and resolve.

Kith is an augment spell. All Halfling units within 12" automatically pass all Leadership tests except Break tests until the start of the caster's next magic phase. The caster may extend the range of the spell to include all units within 18", but if he does so the casting value of the spell is increased to 12+. The caster gets +1 to cast this spell for each point of rank bonus his unit has.

KIN

Cast on 8+

The caster channels the resolve of his regiment, giving their combined strength to each and every one of their number.

Kin is an augment spell. The caster and his unit gain a bonus to their strength equal to half their rank bonus (rounding up). The caster may raise the casting value of this spell to 16+, and if he does so, then it gives the same bonus to every friendly Halfling unit within 12". The caster gains +1 to cast this spell for each point of rank bonus his unit has.

FEAST

Cast on 11+

The caster draws in all the positive energy from the fields and crops around him to provide magical nourishment for his comrades, bolstering them and granting them supernatural strength.

Remains in Play. *Feast* is an augment spell. All Halfling units within 12" of the caster gain +1 to their Strength and Toughness. The caster may extend the range of the spell to include all units within 18", but if he does so the casting value of the spell is increased to 16+.

FAMINE

Cast on 13+

The caster evokes the malicious spirits of winter, the same foul sprites that cause harvests to fail and whole families to wither of hunger.

Famine is a direct damage spell. Target an enemy unit within 12" of the caster. All models in that unit must pass both a Strength and a Toughness test, or else wither and waste away. If either test is failed, the model suffer a Strength 2 hit with no armour saves allowed. If both tests are failed then that model is removed as a casualty. The caster may extend the range of the spell to include all enemy units within 12", but if he does so the casting value of the spell is increased to 20+.

MASTER CHEF

Ask any Halfling what is on his mind and he will definitely reply "food". Eating is the primary activity of the Halfling race, yet unlike more barbaric peoples, a Halfling will not stoop so low as to eat raw or badly prepared food. This great (and constant) demand for quality nourishment has led to the rise of the Halfling cooks and feast lords. Cooks follow this profession most highly regarded by their race, and usually have their work cut out preparing the daily food requirements of their comrades, in times of war, however, the cooks act as "morale officers", for every Halfling knows that whilst his cook lives, he will feast well after the battle. For this reason, cooks will often accompany the Halfling armies to battle, cheering on the efforts of their comrades and keeping the armies well stocked with trail rations and Halfling ale.

The Master Chefs are the cooks who rise to the greatest of occasions and more, elevated to the highest ranks of Halfling society. Halfling Chefs dream of only one thing: gourmet food! To find such exquisite gastronomic delights they will often venture outside of their homely towns and villages to find those things they love: rare herbs and spices, mouth-watering meats, delectable deserts, fragrant fruit... the list goes on and on! Of course, chopping veggies as the speed of light while keeping ones fingers takes tireless training. While they may not be as handy with a sling or bow as many other Halflings, their skill with a blade is unsurpassed!

No Halfling army is complete without its own cook to supply it with hearty meals, interesting stories, and unparalleled war machine support. Always on the search for the best Oxtail soup recipe, the Chef will often join his brethren in battle, as that is yet another chance to try and create a culinary masterpiece.

Any wise Halfling Elder will persuade a Master Chef into joining the army. The more food the Chef cooks, the better the Halflings fight!

The other races have the occasional good cook, but none surpass the Halflings Master Chefs. They can make a gourmet meal from scraps and have you begging for more. Wherever Halflings go, they want a Master Chef in tow.

As such these Master Chefs are in high demand, being as useful on the battlefield as they are in the feast hall.

For never will a Halfling fight harder than in the presence of a Master Chef, for he knows that at the battles end he will feast better than ever before.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Master Chef | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 9 |

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Forest Strider

It's Lunch Time!: Master Chefs always bring a pot of stew with them into battle, as well as the most exclusive spices there is. The result of the aroma they can conjure up inspires their fellow Halfling to stronger, if not great, deeds.

At the start of the Halfling player's turn the Master Chef may stir his stew and add some of his secret spices to it. Roll the scatter dice to determine in which direction the wind takes the aroma. All Halfling units up to 18" from the Chef that it passes through are affected by the chosen spice.

Chilipepper: The Halflings may immediately move 2D6" forward.

Rosemary: The Halflings are Stubborn until the start of their next turn.

Coriander: The Halflings may re-roll failed rolls to Hit until the start of their next turn.

Cumin: The Halflings adds +1 to their Toughness until the start of their next turn.



MASTER THIEF



For some Halflings, the relaxed and easy-going lifestyle that is commonplace in The Moot is not enough. These Halflings more often than not band together and go out into the world together as mercenaries. For some of these rogues, however, the life of a mercenary contains too many perils for a young Halfling, and so they become thieves and vagabonds within The Moot. Those Halflings who become skilled at this line of work are known as Master Thieves due to their ability to lift the wallet from a target apparently without so much as a touch. If one of these Halflings bumps into you in a tavern, check your pockets!

The elite of the Thieves Gilds the Old World over, Master Thieves are the undisputed masters of breaking and entering. When war threatens the Moot many rouges have been known to be overcome by patriotism; briefly letting valuables sit safe as they rush back to defend their villages.

Famous Halfling Thieves from the history books include: Nikkit Kwik (also known as the Burglar of Brionne), Bumblebean Lightfoot, Nifflet 'Statue Stealer' Stumbly, and the Halfling who once managed to steal the Great bell out of the Temple of Sigmar in Nuln, 'Two-feet-tall' Telworth Buttercup. The 'King of Thieves' is the renowned Ned Neddley, responsible for stealing almost anything that wasn't nailed down (and if he had a claw hammer with him, he'd steal the nails too).

Halfling thieves are often lured out of their villages by the prospect of all the useful and pretty things they could "borrow" from people. Just think, if they can "acquire" so many items within the confines of a small village, who knows what they could "find" when set loose upon the world!

Although officially criminals, these burglars often find support amongst the Mootfolk, especially when good fighters are needed to defend the lands.

In times of war, Master Thieves often go to battle hidden within the ranks of other Halfling units, waiting for the opportunity to rid the opponent of any magic items they may be carrying. Whilst the price of recruiting such individuals can be higher than expected, it is usually worth the trouble for the effect it has upon the enemy.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|--------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Master Thief | 4 | 4 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 |

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Forest Strider, Scout

They Won't Even Notice...: Whenever a Master Thief is in base contact with an enemy character he may attempt to steal D3 Magic Items at the start of each Close Combat round. Roll a D6 for each item he wish to steal and consult the chart below:

1. The Thief is seen and is handed a hefty slap for it. He takes a hit at the enemy's basic Strength value.
- 2-3. The Thief is not noticed but fails to steal anything.
- 4-6. The Thief succeeds in stealing the Magic Item.

Each stolen Magic Item is removed from play and its points cost is added as Victory Points to the Halflings' side at the end of the game.

Sneaky: A Master Thief may begin the game hidden in any Halfling infantry unit.

A hidden Master Thief is not placed on the table during deployment, but is revealed later in the game. If his concealing unit is wiped out or flees from the battlefield before he is revealed, the Master Thief is also lost and counts as a casualty. There is no other way the Master Thief can be harmed before he is revealed.

Hidden Master Thieves may be revealed at the beginning of any of your turns, or at the start of any Close Combat phase. Declare that the unit contains a Master Thief and place the model in the front rank. Displace a rank-and-file model to make room for the Master Thief. No units in the Halfling army other than other units of Thieves may use a Master Thief's Leadership and a Master Thief can never be chosen to be your army's General

Take it and Run!: Before Break tests are taken, a Master Thief may choose to leave combat willingly, even if in a unit. He will flee 2D6" away from the enemy as normal, but will rally automatically and may not be pursued. A Master Thief fleeing in this way does not cause Panic.

MILITIA

Halflings are simple people. They live in balance with nature, working fields with adequate skill and using simple tools. Anything more complex than water powered mill is unheard of. Since Halflings are not very strong warriors they have developed strong abilities in shooting bows and throwing stones.

The basic Halfling is neither very tough, very strong or very skilful at fighting. Most Halflings are excellent shots with a bow and some are decent fighters. Halflings are known to be intelligent (usually described as sneaky), can move in woods quite unhindered (again known as sneaky) and loyal, especially where food is concerned (this is because they are always hungry!).

The backbone of all Halfling armies in the Moot are the common Halflings themselves. These reluctant warriors come forth from their homesteads only in the direst of circumstances to defend their land with whatever minor weapons or farm implements are available.

A muster of villagers and farmers is always maintained in readiness to defend their lands against raiders. Halflings may not be the best around, but they can be brave to the point of insanity when it comes to defending their homeland. They often keep fighting against all odds, even when troops from other larger breeds have already been withdrawn from combat.

Halflings are too little bulky as to make them first-class warriors, but their aim with the bow is excellent. That is why most Halflings regiments recruited by Imperial armies are archers, but the Halflings are perfectly capable of fighting with a spear or a sword if necessary.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Militia | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Constable | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 |

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Forest Strider

SAYINGS OF THE MOOT

"My cousin by way of Marriage": A relative whose precise relation to the speaker is unknown.

"A right little scrumper": A mischievous thief. From "scrump," meaning to steal.

"Where there's muck there's Halflings": There are always Halflings where there's money to be made.

"Only what I never done it": Slightly humorous denial of theft.

"A little bit of Rhya's fancy": either a slightly indulgent meal, or flirtation with the opposite sex.



RANGERS

Not so brave Halflings may seek to avoid the brutalities of close combat by becoming bowmen, and such is their dedication to saving their own skins that many such individuals become highly skilled, and dare it be said, dangerous soldiers. Some of the people of the Moot become even more gifted with the bow than their fellows, and so become Rangers. In times of war these bands harass the enemy from a distance with their signature hunting bow.

Halfling woodsmen from remote and isolated homesteads are given the tasks of scouting and skirmishing. As might be expected, they are expert foragers. Halflings produce some of the best scouts in the Old World, almost rivalling the expert Wood Elves in this field.

Most Halflings are expected to do some military service. Some protect the Moot from the rare attacks of Orcs and Goblins, others simply patrol the peaceful roads that lead elsewhere. While most are happy to sit back once their duty is fulfilled, others sign on to a warband and roam the countryside, searching for adventure.

The Rangers are a lively group of Halflings that love to hunt game and use their dead-eye shots to surprise and take down their prey; just as they do to the enemy.

One of the most common occupations among the Halflings who live outside the Moot (besides the cook, of course) are the Rangers in some noble imperial lands. The main task of the rangers is to protect the hunting ground of his master from potential poachers. His aim with the bow can only be compared with that of the best Elves, which usually materializes as an arrow stuck in a tree just inches from one's nose. It is usually sufficient to persuade any poacher to leave the territory.

The Halfling Rangers are a most respected force in The Moot who routinely defends the borders against raiding goblin tribes and whatever else expects The Moot to be an easy target. The rangers only accept the best trackers and most sneaky Halfling as most of the time the attack by surprise from inside a forest or some other secluded hiding spot.

The Rangers sport a uniform consisting of a jacket and leather pants, decorated with feathers and fur, and also usually wear distinctive hats, made from fox-fur, beaver, squirrel, or any other wild creature, with the tail hanging down their back. As a decoration they often wear hanging bird skulls in



their belts or bracelets made of bear teeth. They are also equipped with light jackets and quilted-till, either on or under their leather jacket.

Halfling bowmen are renowned throughout The Empire as the best in the land. This belief has given rise to several famous Halfling bowmen mercenaries, most notably Lumpin Croop and his fighting cocks (although a general who is short on rations may wish to think twice before hiring such a regiment).

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Ranger | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Tracker | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 |

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Skirmishers

Lumpin Croop and his Fighting Cocks are notorious throughout the Old World. Though they ask little gold for their services, they do insist that their commissary needs be met. Employers swiftly find themselves bankrupted as their campaign rations vanish for no other benefit than some sleepy and content halflings who might, if they can be roused, fight.

VIGILANTE GUARD

Within the Halfling communities, as in any human community, there must be individuals who ensure the safety of the citizens. These Halflings hold the rank of Vigilante Guard, and are highly regarded by the rest of their peers.

These are the only Halflings actually trained in warfare, answering directly to the Sheriff. They are called in from their patrols to form a solid battle line in times of war. Unlike the other Halflings, the Vigilante Guard wear specific uniforms and conduct themselves in a manner that is appropriate for their station.

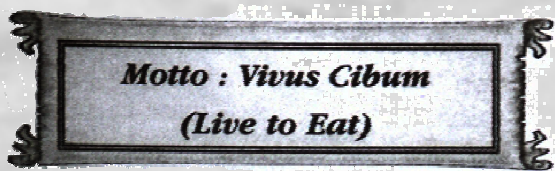
A Vigilante Guard is the closest thing to a warrior among the Halflings. They are usually the largest individuals of the village, even to exceed two feet in average height of a common Halfling.

They wear stylish clothes of green and white and wear a hat with a red pen as a badge of their profession.

Some Halflings might think that these characters are unnecessary, as peace nearly always reigns in the village and Halflings themselves are a peaceful people and good by nature, thus avoiding getting into trouble and tending to not breaking break the law... and well, the truth is that the people have little to worry about other than the occasional thief or a casual discussion about the boundaries of one's land.

The Vigilante Guard watches the many gates and roads leading into the Moot, and collect tolls on caravans passing through. They are also there to deal with any highwaymen that are spotted by the Rangers.

Despite being the finest warriors among the Halflings, rarely come to the aid of the Emperor when he asks troops to the Moot. Vigilante Guard are very committed to their land and the villages to which they are assigned, and are very reluctant to abandon them unless the situation is extremely desperate.



The tradition of maintaining such a military springs from the ogre invasion of The Moot, during which many feast halls became easy and ill-prepared targets for ogre raids. The Vigilante Guard are usually recruited from amongst the half-foot brigadiers (although only the stoutest and strongest will do).

Although not "real" soldiers, the law enforcers of the Moot often join the ranks marching to war when the need arises. The Vigilante Guard are considered respected and wise career-men, as they receive a decent pay for the job of casually patrolling villages and reminding people not to get (too) drunk.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Vigilante | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Deputy | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 |

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Forest Strider

HOBILARS

Some Halflings have a bizarre obsession with the ponies used by their kin of farming and even go as far as to learn to ride them. These individuals are often inducted into the ranks of the Hobilar, or else are employed by Imperial tax collectors. In times of need these cadres ride out alongside their footslogging countrymen; bows in hand and a hearty breakfast in their guts!

With great distances separating the important cities and castles of the Empire, Hobilar are an indispensable means of communication. Nobles, Merchants, and military commanders all make extensive use of Hobilar as messengers, mounted if possible. These brave riders dare to ride the roads of the Empire alone, trusting in their speed to avoid danger.

Roadwardens assist official Hobilar messengers as much as possible, but there are long, lonely stretches where no help is available. While they are supposed to be immune from harassment, many a Hobilar messenger has met a bloody end after delivering a particularly unpleasant missive.

When tilling their fields, Halflings use rams as draft animals for their ploughs, and when it comes to carts use small donkeys, which is a more manageable animal.

However, some of the wealthier Halflings can afford to buy a pony. And within these Halflings are a few who use them as mounts, either as a way to flaunt their wealth or because one of the illusions of the Halfling is to become a brave knight who will come to the aid of damsels in distress and fight terrifying monsters, always in the defence of the poor and destitute (luckily for them, not many Halflings have these ideas ...).

Hobilar are generally local farmers who ride in to battle onto of their farm ponies. Although the ponies lack the size and speed of the larger human steeds they make up in agility and the ability to pass through forest without difficulty.

In any case, the physique of the Halflings would advise them to not sit on anything that moves more

than a rocker. Unfortunately ponies are animals that, due to their short legs, do not maintain a very steady trot. That is why the Halflings have the horseback riding style of a sack of potatoes.

Although they have learned to be secured and maintain a balance on their mounts, the back of a pony is not a place where a creature with plump belly and short legs will stay on for very long.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Hobilar | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Roadwarden | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 |
| Pony | 7 | 2 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 5 |

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Fast Cavalry, Forest Strider

Omph!: Whenever Hobilar charges or marches, roll a D6 for each rider. On a 1, the Halfling has lost his balance and fallen off the Pony, which he must now spend the rest of the game trying to catch up to. Remove the Hobilar as a casualty.



FIELDWARDENS



To outsiders, the Moot looks like a safe and happy land. The extent to which that's true is due to the Fieldwardens. These Halflings patrol the borders of the Moot, keeping away threats and unwanted outsiders. They are skilled skirmishers who use their intimate knowledge of the Moot to maximum advantage.

They prefer to attack from ambush, using their superior skill with missile weapons to neutralize the size advantage of their foes. Since the Moot shares a border with Sylvania, the Fieldwardens have particular expertise in dealing with the living dead. More than one hand of zombies has been brought down by a fusillade of sling stones from determined Fieldwardens.

Even during times of peace these Halflings patrol their lands, slings forever ready as they stroll through field and copse.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Fieldwarden | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Marshal | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 |

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Forest Strider, Ambushers

HOUSEWIVES

Halfling women folk are not to be messed with. They are uncannily strong, they unerringly hit the mark when there is a punch to be thrown and, due to years of child rearing and housework, are incredibly tough.

Equipped with rolling pins, ladles, frying pans and other various kitchen equipment, Housewives pack quite a punch and are not the kind of people to be trifled with. Wherever there's a home and a family to protect, you can count on finding a strong housewife to defend it.

The sight of one of their men folk being killed is enough to drive them into a frenzied bloodlust, so beware a woman's wrath!

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Housewife | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Matron | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 |

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Forest Strider

Women's Wrath: Halfling Housewives are immediately subject to Frenzy if any male Halflings die within 8" of them.



BEESWARM



Honey is a treasured resource in the Moot, as it is used to make everything from ale to pie. Over time the Halflings have learned to extract honey from wild hives without disturbing the bees and always leaving enough of the honey so that they can survive. But they have also learnt to make their own beehives, which is especially useful to those Halflings engaged in honey trade.

At some point, a beekeeper noticed that bees could have potential used in battle. Since then, many of these beekeepers trap swarms of these insects in bags the night before the battle when the hive is asleep.

The bees are then released at the foe where they swarm and sting them something horrible. Though weak individually, a whole swarm of angry bees can cause considerable damage.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-----------|-----|----|----|---|---|---|---|-----|----|
| Beeswarm | 2D6 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 3 | 2D6 | 4 |
| Beekeeper | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Skirmishers, Swarm (Beeswarm only)

Release the Bees!: Only the Beekeepers are deployed on the battlefield initially. In the Shooting phase, the Beekeepers can decide to release the bees. The bags of bees can be thrown up to 8". Place the Beeswarms on the spot you wish to throw them to. This may take them into Close Combat with an enemy.

After the Bees have been released, they will move in a random direction as determined by the scatter dice. They will engage in combat with any unit they encounter, friend or foe, except other Beeswarms and Beekeepers. If a Beeswarm encounters a Beekeeper, they will come under the Halfling player's control and will fight as a normal unit from then on.

Ouch, That Stings!: All attacks made by Beeswarms are made with a -1 modifier to armour saves, as the Bees can easily get into cracks of armour where the foe has no protection.



THIEVES



Halflings are well known for their nimble feet and even nimbler fingers. While many follow their fathers and turn their dextrous skills to works of craft such as basket making, cobbling and cookery (in fact a lot of cookery) many also find themselves drawn towards the danger and excitement of stealing. Of course, Halflings never take anything too valuable (except by accident) as that would not be nice to the person who previously owned the item.

Nonetheless, it is surprising the number of things that go 'missing' when a Halfling is about. The poor little chaps don't know they're doing it half the time, they just seem to acquire rings, boxes of matches and small pets as they go about their normal business.

In fact, Halflings have a very relaxed attitude towards property in general, and casually swap items with one another all of the time (mostly without realising they're actually swapping). Halfling birthdays are a celebration of this attitude and many gifts are freely given away by the Halfling whose birthday it is (usually as a consequence of inviting another twelve Halflings to your house and then falling asleep after dinner). Many Halflings find that the skills which were taught to them as part of their natural childhood and adolescence are frowned upon by people outside of the Moot. They also find themselves very popular

with certain organisations, such as the Thieves Guild and the local Watch patrol.

As can be expected, the speed and agility of Halfling Thieves has been noted by many of those who seek their fortune delving into abandoned Dwarf Holds and performing mighty deeds in dungeons. Halflings make excellent bait for monster traps and are usually quick and lucky enough to escape once the monster has fallen for the trap. Their diminutive size allows them to be pushed through sewers, under badly fitting gates and into rat infested nooks and crannies.

Rogues see themselves as a cut above the common thieves and footpads. The Rogue's art requires observation, planning, and impeccable timing. A well-executed theft may not even be detected for months, by which time the Rogue is far away. Most Rogues are members of a Thieves' Guild, though some defy the odds and go it alone. Such lone wolves must elude both the law and the guild; a dangerous game to be sure.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Thief | 5 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |
| Rogue | 5 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 6 | 2 | 8 |

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Scouts, Skirmishers

Oh, Shiny!: Whenever a Thief is in base contact with an enemy character he may attempt to steal a Magic Item at the start of each Close Combat round. Roll a D6 and consult the chart below:

1. The Thief is caught and killed outright.
2. The Thief is chased back and may not attack this round.
- 3-4. Not noticed but fails to steal anything.
5. The Thief succeeds in stealing the lowest value magic item from the unit.
6. The Thief succeeds in stealing a magic item of his choice.

Each stolen Magic Item is removed from play and its points cost is added as Victory Points to the Halflings side at the end of the game.

Take it and Run!: Before Break tests are taken, Thieves may choose to leave combat willingly. They will flee 2D6" away from the enemy as normal, but will rally automatically and may not be pursued. Thieves fleeing in this way does not cause Panic.

PANTRY GUARD

Respected by their fellows for their ability to prepare steaks and the fillings used by bakers in their pies, the cooks of the Moot are often forced into battle where their wicked cleavers are more than capable of cutting through the armour and bones of their foes. Cooks are the most respected members of the Halfling community, and they form the Moot's elite infantry unit. Pantry Guards, Cooks with more than a reputation for their culinary skills! The Pantry Guard normally guard the big pantry of a village, and when it is time for war, they are some of the best and most feared fighters in the whole Moot.

Whenever the Halflings go to war you can be sure that an army of cooks and carriers wait behind their lines to keep their bellies and quivers full. Key to these support elements are the Chuck Wagons; great carts filled with food, spare weapons, ale and all manner of other things. Needless to say that they are treated with reverence by the Halflings themselves.

Every large army must be properly provisioned with food and other equipment. Armies will therefore tend to acquire several wagons to transport the baggage. Halfling armies are especially in need of such wagons to support them with the necessary food even during a battle. Therefore the Halfling Chuck Wagons does not remain in the rear area like the human baggage trains, but rushes into combat to support the rest of the army.

A Halfling cannot survive on the meagre rations of which carry most of the Empire's soldiers. That is why when the Halflings should go to war, they always prepare one or more carriages filled to overflowing with all kinds of supplies. Beer barrels, baskets of apples, bins full of vegetables and a lot of chicken is some of the snacks carried in one of these cars. When the Moot goes to war, the enemy is not likely to surprise the Halflings on an empty stomach.

Halflings value their food more than anything. As a way to motivate the troops, and reward them on the spot for bravery, it is not unusual for a rations wagon to be brought forward. The smell of fine food and smoking weed radiates from the wagon, pushing all nearby Halflings to 'get it over with' so they can sit down to one of their fine meals afterwards.

Not surprisingly, the Chuck Wagon is one of the biggest attractions of the whole army. In many cases, the presence of the cart is more inspirational

than the general himself. As the Halflings are aware of this, if a village should be prepared for a battle, the Mayor of that village prepares a Chuck Wagon with the best food available.

It is also quite common for a Master Chef to be in charge of the cart, and for the town's inn to offer to provide all food (in order to increase their fine establishment's reputation, more than anything). The greater the Cook, the greater the effect the food has on the Halfling troops.

The Panty Guard protect the Chuck Wagon with their lives, for they take great pride in their work as chefs. And besides, should the army's supply get lost, then what is a Halfling to do after the battle? That thought alone is enough to make any Halfling fight harder than he has ever fought in his life!

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|--------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Pantry Guard | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 9 |
| Cookmaster | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 9 |
| Chuck Wagon | 4 | - | - | - | 5 | 4 | - | 0 | - |
| Aurochs | 7 | 3 | 0 | 4 | - | - | 3 | 1 | - |

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Forest Strider

Chuck Wagon: The Chuck Wagon is placed in the second rank of a unit of Pantry Guards and must stay with the unit at all times. Should the unit be destroyed, another friendly unit may capture it by moving into base contact with it. If an enemy unit captures an unguarded Chuck Wagon, it is automatically destroyed.

The sight of a carriage full of delicious dishes is for a Halfling much or more inspiring than the most glorious standard. The Chuck Wagon counts as the army's Battle Standard for all purposes. If a Master Chef accompanies the Chuck Wagon by being in the same unit, the range of the Battle Standard is increased to 18". In addition, any unit accompanied by a Chuck Wagon is Stubborn.

It carries the Halfling's rations for the day, a subject very dear to a Halfling's heart. If the Chuck Wagon is destroyed, any unit of Halflings 12" of it must take a Panic test. From then on, all Halfling units will Hate the enemy unit responsible for the heinous act.

The Chuck Wagon is pulled by a gigantic (at least to the Halflings) Aurochs, an ancient breed of wild cattle and apparently quite tasty. Being essentially a wild creature, it is also quite nasty. It may attack enemies to its front like a Chariot mount.

LORDS OF THE HARVEST

As ridiculous as it may sound, there are Halflings who are naturally brave (although they are rare indeed). These are the Lords of the Harvest, antisocial and immature young Halflings who are ever willing to charge headfirst into the fray, these young bucks whip their comrades into a frenzy, often resulting in total chaos amongst the friendly ranks. Despite the potential drawbacks, many Halfling armies tolerate these troublemakers because of the potentially beneficial effect they have upon their brothers-in-arms. Regardless of their social and military standing, all Halflings are willing to fight to defend hearth and home.

Filled with youthful energy (and perhaps one too many pies) many Halflings often find themselves almost compelled to travel. Although they are considered strange by other Halflings, they are undoubtedly a key element of the defence of the Moot.

Having heard such tales as "Tinkle Witherson and the Golden Boots" and "Little Gumblewort's Big Adventure", young Halflings aspire to become like

these famed Halfling heroes. They will do anything, ANYTHING, to become a glorious hero; even if that means missing a meal or two!

The Lords of the Harvest, as they call themselves, are gang members, often the sons of farm labourers. They are practiced swordsmen, who fight piggyback with one of them atop the other's shoulders. This not only enables them to bring more attacks to bear against the foe, but also means that there are more flailing little arms to defend against.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Harvestlord | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 9 |
| Gangleader | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 3 | 9 |

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Fight in Extra Ranks

Kick'em in the Shins!: The Lords of the Harvest are not above fighting dirty when needed, and often go for the enemy's weak spot in a fight. Lords of the Harvest gain 1+ to hit in Close Combat.

Hufnall Trott stood with his eye to the iron keyhole, trying to discern the shapes moving beyond the huge oak doors. Gruff voices drifted through the thick wood and he recognised the Chaos Dwarf language. The assembled Warriors behind him

nudged and whispered, asking what was going on, but he ignored them. Licking the tips of his fingers, Hufnall drew a long slither of metal from his hat band and started working on the complex lock. With a soft click of tumblers the catch came free and Ranulf hid the lantern with his bearskin cloak while the other Warriors dropped back into the darkness.

Clearing his throat Hufnall kicked open the door and strode into the room. The Chaos Dwarves hats bobbed in disbelief as they turned from their map to face him. Jaws agape, they watched as the Halfling boldly strode over to the map. Jabbing a

stubby little finger over a small Empire village Hufnall muttered to himself just loud enough for the secret cabal of Chaos Dwarfs to hear.

"That's what I thought. Fifteen miles out of my way and no sign of my pony."

He turned back to the Chaos dwarves and grinned innocently.

"I don't suppose anybody could lend me a half-crown for the stage fare to Nuln? My pony was stolen last night and I must have taken a wrong turn in Mad Dog pass. I thought it looked a bit dreary and was rather hot for the year Then I said to myself 'Hufnall, you silly Baked Bean, you've wandered into the Darklands again'. And here's me without my purse and only a few scraps to eat..." as he spoke the Halfling Thief had sauntered over to the doors again and was casually munching an apple.

"So! How about those three crowns for the fare?" A couple of the more inexperienced Chaos Dwarfs started reaching into their tunics, but their leader said a rude word and drew his huge two handed hammer from his belt.

As The Chaos Dwarfs chased Hufnall out of the door the other Warriors leapt on them from behind.

Hufnall winced as he watched the flash of the swords and heard the screams of the dying Chaos Dwarves. He tossed his apple core away and started to whistle quietly to himself:

"Should've given me the eight crowns for the fare to Nuln!"

DAWG RIDERS



The Legend of the Knights of the Kitchen Table

Lord Charlie Gutbuckett is famous in the Moot for being extremely rich and spoilt but also for being exceptional with the bow (which was well reputed considering his constant boasting). The only time that he has ever been beaten in an archery contest was by his father, after a dispute over a blueberry muffin. Totally shamed by this event, Charlie formed up his warband of similarly eccentric Halflings and headed off to Tilea with his parents last profound words echoing through his head 'Bring us back some chocolate hob-nobs son'. His warband was named "The Knights of the Kitchen Table" and even his brother Archie joined up for the adventure. This was a terrible shame for the rest of the family as Archie's recipe for strawberry flapjacks was second to none.

Henrick Tuffle was a proficient pony rider when his neighbour started breeding a larger guard dog called Dawgs. Henrick help in the raising of the dawgs and they inherently trusted him. When an Orc raiding party entered the Moot he was not near his trusty pony, but was tending the dawgs. He knew he was needed to combat the threat so he grabbed a bow and quiver, mounted the largest dawg and travelled in the direction of need. Henrick arrived quickly and practically flew to the back side of the oncoming units and let loose a hail of bow fire. The enemy was stunned that they were being attacked in the rear, but as soon as they turned to see who was there, Henrick and the dawg had already moved and was shooting them from their flanks. The Orcs were so spooked by this "sorcery" that their line broken and ran. The Halflings that saw Henrick were all mighty impressed and wanted to see this new breed of dog. His neighbour was happy too, because it opened a new use for his dawgs.

Dawg Riders are a rare form of Halfling cavalry, with mounted archers upon large hounds. These versatile riders are experts shots and are often used to scout ahead of the army.

Dawgs are specially prepared with saddles and harnesses, and are well trained enough to bear a Halfling to war upon its back. Whilst they are considerably faster than ponies, Dawgs offer very little protection to their riders and are of little use as shock troops. None the less, Dawgs can be extremely loyal to their riders, often staying to defend them in times of need.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Dawg Rider | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |
| Kennel Master | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |
| Dawg | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 |

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Forest Strider, Fast Cavalry

Go Get 'Em, Boy!: Dawgs are especially eager when moving in on their prey as it usually means food (or at least the promise of food!). Whenever a unit of Dawg Riders charges, pursues or overrun, they may re-roll the dice to see how far they move.

SWAN RIDERS



These large birds make ideal mounts for transporting troops around the battlefield quickly. They are also aggressive and kill with their powerful wings. They usually fly in a 'V' formation and their riders are the best of the Moots bowmen who can shoot on the wing with ease.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Swan Rider | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Airborne | 4 | 2 | 6 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Angry Swan | 3 | 4 | 0 | 3 | - | - | 5 | 1 | 6 |

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Flying Cavalry

Nasty Temper: Angry Swans are subject to Hatred and have the Devastating Charge rule.

RAM RIDERS

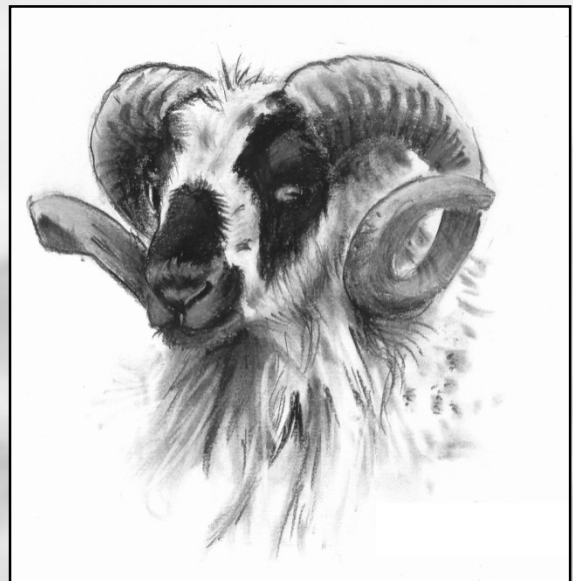
Merradoc grew up in the Empire and always admired the way the Knights were respected by the citizenry. He tried several times to join one of the Knightly Orders, only to be rejected. While travelling around with his cooking supplies with his trusty old goat Matilda, he came across the place of an Orc ambush.

At first unsure what to do, seeing an Orc steal the armour off a fallen knight he steeled his resolve, and charged forward on Matilda, swinging his heavy iron skillet. The Orc, so shocked to see this Halfling charging at him, simply was not ready for the smash of the skillet onto his head.

The Orc fell dead on the spot, and Merradoc, filled with courage (and quite a bit of ale), charged the two closest Orcs, killing them while they were still stunned from the sight of him.

The few remaining Orcs ran and started telling of a small daemon that attacked them with no mercy. Upon returning to the Moot he was laughed at by some but the rumours of his courage had already begun to spread. Merradoc used his newfound notoriety to gather fellow glory seeking Halflings to his side, and they soon founded the Order of the Ram, in honour of his goat Matilda. Since that day, the Order of the Ram has flourished with more crazy and hopeful aspirants every year.

Mounted on large and aggressive Battle Rams, the Ram Riders are the Halflings heavy cavalry. Armed with heavy skilletts and pots and pans for armour, their mounts also pack a powerful head butt and have wicked horns.



| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Ram Rider | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 9 |
| Moot Knight | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 9 |
| Battle Ram | 7 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 5 |

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Hill Strider

Thunderous Charge: Whenever a unit of Battle Rams charges, each Ram in base contact with an enemy causes a Strength 4 Impact hit. A subsequent rank of Ram Riders increases the Strength by +1 up to a total of 5.

REAPER AND SHEARER

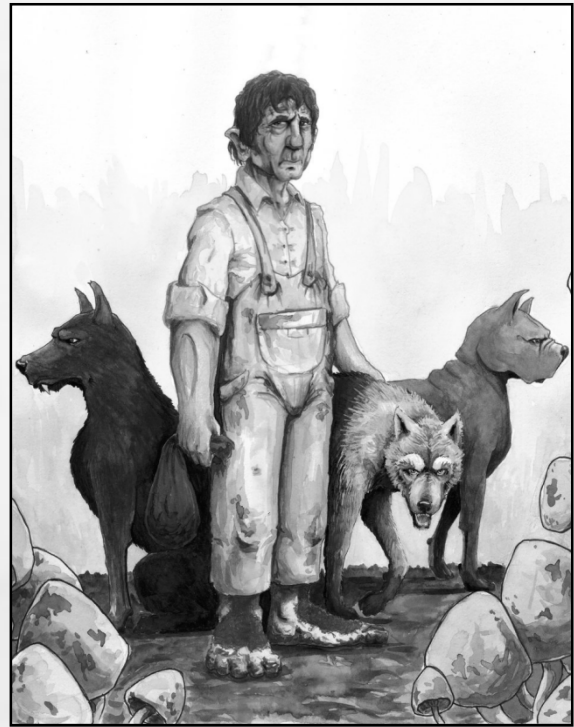
One of the most common professions within The Moot is farming. The nigh unlimited demand for food means that this profession is stable and profitable. These Halfling farmers are notoriously stubborn, willing to fight off the most terrifying of foes to defend their pastures. Apart from a threat to their land, the only times the farmers will leave their plots is on strike, and farmers are on strike a remarkable portion of their lives. Now on the rare occasions on which the farmers of The Moot are expected to go somewhere, there is usually a strike of sorts; whilst the farmers would never dream of refusing to defend their homeland, they band together into 'mobs' of protesting stable-hands and plough-boys, going to battle in a cacophony of complaints and curses.

On the battlefield, it is easy to recognise the farmers, as they will be armed with all manner of outlandish farming tools and pitchforks, and they will stink of livestock even more than other Halflings.

When the farmers go to war, they invariably bring the battle ploughs with them. These contraptions are as deadly as they are bizarre, drawn by a pair of bulls and dragging behind a huge bladed plough. For the most part they are designed for cutting wheat, but they are equally at home cutting off heads!

The Sheep Dog, with its master whistling commands to it is usually found running alongside him into battle. Sheepdogs are notoriously loyal to their masters and will often lay down their lives for them.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Reaper | - | - | - | 5 | 5 | 4 | - | - | - |
| Shearer | - | - | - | 4 | 4 | 3 | - | - | - |
| Farmer | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Aurochs | 7 | 3 | 0 | 4 | - | - | 3 | 1 | - |
| Battle Ram | 7 | 3 | 0 | 3 | - | - | 3 | 1 | 5 |
| Sheep Dog | 7 | 3 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 7 |



Special Rules

Chariot

Deadly Tools: The smaller Shearer causes D6 Impact hits on the charge, whereas the larger Reaper causes D6+2 Impact hits.

Get Off My Land!: Farmers can be very courageous when faced with a threat to their farms or families. Farmers within the Halfling Deployment Zone are Stubborn.

Sheep Dog: Sheep Dogs may accompany a Reaper or Shearer. They are deployed at the same time as the machine and follow the rules for skirmishers. They may never move further than 3" away from the machine they have been bought with, and are part of the unit for all purposes.

MOOT OGRES

Nobody knows why, but Ogres and Halflings seem to gravitate towards each other. Perhaps it's their shared love of good food, perhaps it's something else, but whatever the reason, the two races just get on. The Moot has a sizeable population of Ogres, and most village elders have one or two Ogre bodyguards.

Although they me seem like a bit of an odd pairing, Ogres are often lured from the hills by the opportunity to sample the local delicacies of the Moot. If Elders ever need protection then the Ogres are the ones to call upon to provide that extra bit of brute force and muscle!

When the Halflings march to war they will often bribe the local Ogres with food and promise of a good scrap to come along. They will form up with Ogres from other villages and generally have a good time eating and smashing things all the while keeping an eye on the army's Chefs. Ogres may be a little slow witted but they are smart enough to know who makes the best food.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Moot Ogre | 6 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 7 |
| Ogre Brute | 6 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 7 |



Special Rules

Fear, Impact Hits (1)

A huge rock, the size of two Halflings, fell three feet away from one of the barges. The waves produced destabilized the fragile boat and a few Halflings fell into the water, but were quickly aided by his family and friends and hauled back on board.

Bazrag egged on the Goblins to reload the Rock Lobba. The Halflings were slowly rowing away down the river, but would soon be out of range. The menacing look of Gorbag told him that for his own good, he'd better hit the next shot.

Piercing screams pulled Bazrag from his thoughts and caused him to turn around to see what was happening. One of his goblins lay dead on the floor pierced by arrows, while another waved his arms frantically and ran around the Rock Lobba with an arrow in his back ... which caused great laughter among their peers.

The shots came from the small forest next to them. Surely some Halflings were hiding in it.

"Ey, stupids! - Bazrag shouted a group of wolf riders. There's some of them tiny 'umans left!

The Wolf Riders scoured the forest, but found nothing. Another Goblins ready to place a rock at the Rock Lobba fell when he was shot through by several arrows. The rest of the Goblins began to worry about their situation.

"But where ...?". Bazrag stared into the forest. The Wolf Riders were combing the forest, making sure they hadn't overlooked anything, but still found nothing.

A few yards from one of the Wolf Riders a slight crackle was heard and an arrow shot out and pierced the throat of yet another Goblin. The rest could not endure the strain and ran in all directions.

Bazrag sat on the ground, resigned. In the distance he could hear the cheers of the Halflings in the barges, which moved away downstream.

"Gorbag will be angry ..."

HOT POT

The Hot Pot catapult is a bizarre piece of artillery, with a history at least as peculiar. Suffice it to say, it involves a Halfling cook under Goblinoid attack, some leftovers and a rudimentary knowledge of ballistics.

Originally a desperate innovation, the Halfling Hot pot has now become something of an institution amongst Halflings. The Hot Pot is exactly that, a pot of boiling liquid hurled at the enemy's ranks, burning, scalding and even dissolving the foe. The ingredients which make up the special stew are a closely kept secret and vary from chef to chef, although it is known that the most important and abundant ingredient is pepper. At a push boiling oil on its own will do the job, but a typical mixture has corrosive properties and is sticky so that it adheres to exposed flesh.

These contraptions are a common sight among Halfling armies. They are welcomed by the

Halflings and doubly hated by their foes, and for good reason!

Whilst any normal Halfling would disagree with such a waste of good soup, it is undeniable that the results are worth it to bolster a needy battle effort.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Hot Pot | - | - | - | - | 4 | 2 | - | - | - |
| Cook | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |

Special Rules

Short & Stout, War Machine

Hot Pot: The Hot Pot follows the rules of Stone Throwers, with the following exceptions. The Hot Pot has a maximum guess range of 36". Hits are resolved at S2 with a -3 armour save modifier. The model under the hole takes a Strength 6 hit with no armour save allowed which causes D3 wounds.

'KATHLEEN' HALF TANK

A gift to the Halflings from the Elector Count of Averland the year 2502, in return for the Halfling's "services" during the battle against the Feastmaster tribe. The Kathleen is a war engine based upon the designs for the steam tanks that have served the empire well in recent years. The Kathleen was originally a steam tank prototype, but due to a careless (and catastrophic) miscalculation, the vehicle was constructed on the wrong scale to be of any use to any man alive, and as such any illusions of true generosity the Halflings may hold are more myth than reality.

Tasked with the eventual disposal of the Kathleen, the agitated count gave it to the Halflings, his dictation to his emissary being; "Tell those half-formed, good-for-nothing runts that this is a parting gift, and to get packing or lost somewhere out of my sight".

Fortunately, the emissary in question was possessed of somewhat more of a skill with words, and after employing a little tact, the eventual message that reached The Moot was; "A gift from the most grateful Elector Count, in repayment for your assistance in those most dark of times" Unbeknownst to that faithful emissary, he had almost certainly saved the Empire from another year of strikes and refusal of taxes...

Since that day the Kathleen has been proudly tended to by The Moot's eternally grateful inhabitants. Several useful 'additions' have been

made to make it slightly more homely, including the introduction of a soup cannon in place of the original armament. The peoples of The Empire are happy to allow the Halflings to continue their illusions of heroism. After all, it is better to tolerate a bit of nativity than to suffer province-wide strikes.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Half Tank | 6 | - | - | 5 | 6 | 6 | - | - | 10 |

Special Rules

Large Target, Unbreakable, Fear

Nearly Irresistible Force: Such is the weight of the *Kathleen* that it may never march. However, on the turn in which the *Kathleen* charges into combat it inflicts D6 impact hits in the same way as a chariot. In other turns, it inflicts D3 Strength 5 hits as the Halflings inside desperately grind the Halftank over whatever it has got stuck upon.

The Soup Cannon: The Soup Cannon has a firing arc of 45" from the front of the Halftank. Place the flame template touching the cannon and roll Artillery dice - move the template this many inches forwards. Models covered by the template suffer a single Strength 2 hit with a -3 Armour Save modifier.

NICHOLAS WARFOOT

Every male member in the long line of the Warfoot family has served in defence of the Moot. Hence their name: Warfoot. Currently Nicholas Warfoot is the current overall commander of the military forces within the Moot. Since the coming of the Storm the Empire has not been able to place forces in proximity to the Moot. This has forced the Halfling's to take a greater role in the defence of their homeland. Warfoot organized a small yet politically important force sent to aid in the defence of Middenhiem. Yet the majority of forces were kept at home in case of a break through by the forces of Crom the Conquer to the east. In these dark times Nicholas has mobilized the people of the Moot like never before in defence of the homeland.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Nicholas | 4 | 6 | 7 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 7 | 4 | 10 |

Equipment

Nicholas carries Warfoot's Blade, Warfoot's Crest, a Potion of War and wears Aladora's Necklace and heavy armour.

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Forest Walker

Grand Commandant: Any unit joined by Nicholas is Stubborn and all friendly units within 6" gain +1 to their combat resolution bonus.



Magic Items

Warfoot's Blade (Magic Weapon)

This sword has been passed down through the family's history of warfare. The actual origin of the blade is a long winded story which Nicholas or Warfoot for fact is too happy to tell. In it Nicolas's Great Great Great Grandfather was a free lancer who ends up joining with a party of humans who quested into the tombs of in south. After a ferocious battle with some undead legions in which Nicholas's relative slew the evil liche that commanded the host, the blade was removed from the tombs treasure.

Each wound caused by this blade is multiplied by 2. In addition, all armour saves taken against it suffer a -2 modifier.

The Warfoot's Crest

The Warfoot's Crest is a magical shield that was taken from an Orc warlord who was slain during a Waaagh that was stopped in the Moot. The origins before the death of this warlord is unknown but onto the shield was painted the Warfoot's family crest and it is now pass down from father to son.

This shield confers a 5+ Armour Save and Magic Resistance (1).

Aladora's Necklace (Talisman)

During Nicholas's rise through the ranks he was head of a Forester patrol which happened to stumble across an Wood elf maiden who was under attack by a band of vile beastmen. After driving the beastmen off with a volley of arrow fire the maiden gave Nicholas here necklace in thanks for her rescue. It is rumoured that Nicholas and the maiden still meet in the woods on the anniversary of the attack.

Aladora's Necklace confers a 4+ ward save. Once per battle, the amulet can emit a blinding flash of light which prevents all attacks from one enemy model from striking Nicholas for one close combat phase.

Potion of War (Enchanted Item)

The brewing of the Potion of War is a family secret that has been passed down from father to son for generations. The potion is said to give the drinker the strength of an ox and the toughness of a bear.

One use only. The potion may be drunk at the start of any phase. Its effects last for the remainder of the turn. The potion imbues the drinker with +2 Strength and +1 Toughness.

CLEGG THE INDOMITABLE



Halflings feel put upon by those lanky humans gits. What with their wrongly sized tables and chairs, and it's really annoying to have to climb over door steps when you're trying to impress your next customer before you meet them at the inn!

Then one day, a well known Halfling called Clegg decided that he had enough, as well as seeing a nice tidy profit margin, and started his band of the roughest, toughest (and about as hard as a kick in the bum with a pair of those fluffy animal slippers) Halflings in the Old World. They started out as a bunch of thieves and cut throats, but soon changed their outlook on life after they had a good scrap with a rival band of thieves and found that it gave them such a great appetite it turned into a good excuse to eat as much as possible.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Clegg | 4 | 5 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 8 | 4 | 10 |

Equipment

Clegg carries two hand weapons, the Magic 'Swag' Bag and wears light armour.

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Forest Walker, Poisoned Attacks, Scout, They Won't Even Notice..., Sneaky, Take it and Run!

Magic Items

Magic 'Swag' Bag

Though the origin of the 'Swag' Bag is unknown, one can safely assume it wasn't through any legal means. In any case, the 'Swag' Bag, as Clegg calls it, is a very potent item that is able to magically pull out the most powerful magic artefacts from it. Clegg has never found out where these items actually comes from, but neither has he bothered to much.

The Magic 'Swag' Bag allows Clegg to take away any of the enemies magical items from them for one turn so he can possibly use them himself.

At the start of any Halfling turn, nominate one enemy character or champion and take a random magic item from them. If that model does not have a magic item, pick a new character or champion until you find one with a magic item.

Clegg may use whichever magic item is picked during this and the enemy's upcoming turn.

After this it has to be thrown away as Clegg gets bored with it and the magic item appears magically back with the original character ready for use at the beginning of the next Halfling turn. The magic item does not have to be used and you do not have to take out a magic item at all. Any magic item can be drawn out of the 'Swag' Bag, but special items that only work for specific people cannot be used even though they may be picked.

Note that each magic item may only be picked once.

GABBO FLUGBEND

Gabbo Flugbend is the wild and adventurous son of the similarly tempered hunter, Hogbo Flugbend. Gabbo's love for hunting goes beyond any normal love and he is very rarely seen doing anything else! He is an expert at beast hunting and will often show his competency by bringing in monsters far larger than himself or his pegasus, Greywing.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Gabbo | 4 | 5 | 7 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 |
| Greywing | 8 | 4 | 0 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 6 |

Equipment

Gabbo carries the Hunting Spear, a bow, a shield, and wears light armour. He also carries a Mesh Net and an assortment of Animal Traps.

Mount

Gabbo rides Greywing the Pegasus.

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Fly

Mesh Net: At the beginning of the combat phase, Gabbo may attempt to net one enemy. The targeted enemy must pass an Initiative test or be netted, in which case it cannot do anything and is treated as having WS1 for the rest of the turn. Large targets may not be netted.

Animal Traps: When fighting Warbeast, Monstrous infantry and Monstrous Beasts, Gabbo may throw down some Animal Traps to clamp on to the creatures' legs to disable and slow them. Gabbo and Greywing have the Always Strikes First rule when fighting these types of enemies.

Magic Items

The Hunting Spear (Magic Weapon)

This trusty old pointy stick of Gabbo's has been the death of many animals and beasts, piercing their hides with ease.

Spear. This weapon gives Gabbo +1 Strength to his attacks. In addition, it is Armour Piercing.

OGGLETHORPE BULNHELM, TRAVELING CHEF

For ages, the Bulnhelm family line has been feeding the Moot the best cuisine in the Old World. Oggleshorpe Bulnhelm, the newest addition to the family, travels around with his company of cooks providing an excellent meal to whoever can pay for it. Oggleshorpe travelled all over the Warhammer World when he was younger and so has many exotic and tasty recipes to share. His mastery of the palate is extraordinary, to say the least, and leads to him being asked by almost every Halfling lord within smelling distance to join their force. He will gladly share his wonderful skills, and food, with the lord and the lord's troops for a small cooking fee...

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Oggleshorpe | 4 | 4 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 |
| Hot Pot | - | - | - | - | 4 | 2 | - | - | - |
| Cook | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |

Equipment

Oggleshorpe wears a stained, leather cooking apron which confers a 6+ armour save, carries a giant ladle, a bow, and a nonstick pot that he uses as a shield. He also carries a bag of Cathayan Spices and a single, tiny Fireroot Pepper. He is accompanied by a Hot Pot.

Special Rules

Short & Stout, It's Lunch Time!, War Machine, Hot Pot

Cathayan Spices: Oggleshorpe may empty these spices into his Hot Pot in the Shooting phase up to 3 times during the battle. Each use of Cathayan Spices increases the Strength of any hits taken from the Hot Pot by +1 for that shot.

Fireroot Pepper: As any smart chef should do, Oggleshorpe never leaves his kitchen without a pepper. He prefers the Fireroot variety chosen for their intense heat. Instead of fighting Oggleshorpe, Oggleshorpe may attempt to jam this murderously spicy pepper down one of his enemies' throats. Roll to hit once. If he hits, then the poor swallower of the pepper takes D3 wounds with no save of any kind allowed as the pepper tears apart his digestive system.

TOM LONGSHAFT THE LUMBERJACK



Among all the Lumberjacks, Tom Longshaft is definitely the best at the job. His skills are unrivalled amongst his fellow Halflings and to tell you the truth, he has never been challenged. His signature weapon is an unreasonably long-handled chopping axe which he swings with profound grace despite its weight.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-----|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Tom | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 8 |

Equipment

Tom carries a great weapon and wears light armour.

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Forest Strider

Timber!: Whenever Tom is fighting in a wood, he may attempt to spring a trap on his foes by quickly chopping down a suitable tree to fall in their direction. Rather than attacking normally, take a Strength test. If passed, Tom succeeds in chopping down the tree which falls onto the enemy unit he is fighting, causing it to take D6+1 Strength 5 hits.

JOLLY BOLBOTTOM THE INNKEEPER

In the small Mootland town of Westhamton, there lies the quaint and well-kept inn, The Sow's Ear. The owner of the inn, Jolly Bolbottom is a kindhearted fellow with a friendly smile and a pleasant personality. But when he or his inn are in danger, he quickly becomes grim faced. He swears by the old, antique handgun that he keeps under the bar counter in case any ruffians come-a-knockin', as it has saved his life on many too numerous occasions.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Jolly | 4 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 |

Equipment

Jolly carries his Antique Handgun, Golden Gunpowder and wears light armour.

Special Rules

Short & Stout, Forest Strider

Quick Draw: Being an innkeeper in a bad part of the Moot leads you to having a pretty fast hand when it comes to drawing out your gun and shooting. Jolly is no exception, and his skills are

honed to the point so that he can get off several shots in a short period of time. Whenever Jolly fires his Antique Handgun, he fires D3 shots, as he quickly shoots and reloads his weapon.

Magic Items

Antique Handgun (Magic Weapon)

This beautifully crafted handgun fires and reloads with precision and ease, unlike most of its kind at this time. Its craftsmanship is second to none, as the gun can also be easily loaded on the move due to its ingenious frame.

Handgun. Jolly may fire his Antique Handgun even if he moved that turn. In addition, he doesn't receive any penalties for shooting at long range.

Golden Gunpowder

This golden coloured gunpowder is actually not made from gold, but from a highly combustible mix of sulphur and other fulminations.

Jolly Golden Gunpowder increases the Strength and range of his Antique handgun to 5 and 36" respectively.

CHOOSING AN ARMY

This army list enables you to turn your miniatures collection into an army ready for tabletop battle. As described in the Warhammer rulebook, the army list is divided into four sections: Characters (including Lords and Heroes), Core Units, Special Units and Rare Units.

CHOOSING AN ARMY

Every miniature in the Warhammer range has a points cost that reflects how valuable it is on the battlefield. For example, a Militia costs just 3 points, while a mighty Elder costs 175 points!

Both players choose armies to the same agreed points total. You can spend less and will probably find it impossible to use up every last point. Most '2000 point' armies, for example, will be something like 1,998 or 1,999 points.

To form your miniatures into an army, look up the relevant army list entry for the first troop type. This tells you the points cost to add to each unit of models to your army and any options or upgrades the unit may have. Then select your next unit, calculate its point and so on until you reach the agreed points total. In addition to the points, there are a few other rules that govern which units you can include in your army, as detailed under Characters and Troops.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Each unit is represented by an entry in the army list. The unit's name is given and any limitations that apply are explained.

Profiles: The characteristic profiles for the troops in each unit are given in the unit entry. Where several profiles are required, these are also given even if, as in many cases, they are optional.

Unit Sizes: Each entry specifies the minimum size for each unit. In some cases, units may also have a maximum size.

Equipment: Each entry lists the standard weapons and armour for that unit type. The value of these items is included in the points value.

Options: Each entry lists any available upgrades to the unit, together with their points cost.

Special Rules: Many troops have special rules which are described in this section.

With the points total agreed, players need to pick their forces using the army list in the relevant Warhammer Armies book, and the system presented here.

THE GENERAL

An army must always include at least one Lord or Hero to be its General.

Every army must have a General to lead it into battle. The General represents you — he issues the orders that lead to the moves, shots, spells and attacks that your troops make.

MINIMUM THREE UNITS

An army must always include at least three units in addition to any Lords and Heroes.

An army just isn't an army unless it has plenty of warriors in its ranks.

UNIT CATEGORIES

Each army list divides the forces available into several categories. In a standard game, players are limited as to how many of their points can be spent from any particular category.

LORDS

You can spend up to 25% of your points on Lords. Lords are the most powerful characters in your army, individuals possessed of fearsome martial or magical might.

HEROES

You can spend up to 25% of your points on Heroes. Heroes are lesser characters, not as intrinsically deadly as Lords, but still worth a score of ordinary warriors.

WIZARDS AND SPELL LORES

Some Lords and Heroes are Wizards, and have access to one or more spell lores. Although you won't generate the spells that your Wizards know until you start to play your game you do need to make a note in your army roster of which spell lore each of your Wizards will use. If you have a Wizard that is allowed to choose specific spells, you must select which spells they are at the time you pick your army.

CORE UNITS

You must spend a minimum of 25% of your points on Core units.

Core units are the heart of your army, the iconic troops who make up the bulk of every warband and warhost. Unlike other types of unit, there is no maximum to the proportion of your points that you can spend on Core units.

Some Core units do not count towards the minimum points you must spend on Core units (sometimes written as 'do not count towards the minimum number of Core units you must include' or variations thereof) or indeed the minimum number of units you must include in your army. In fact, such units don't count towards any category, just the points value of the army.

SPECIAL UNITS

You can spend up to 50% of your points on Special units.

Special units are invariably elite troops, capable of anchoring a battleline of lesser warriors, or performing great deeds in their own right.

RARE UNITS

You can spend up to 25% of your points on Rare units.

Rare units are the most unusual warriors in your army, mighty monsters, weird war machines and elite soldiers of unsurpassed skill. Rare units are often fantastically powerful, but often require a canny general to get the most from them.

DUPLICATE CHOICES

An army cannot contain more than 3 Special choices of the same type and 2 Rare choices of the same type.

To further represent the scarce nature of Special and Rare choices there is a limit on how many duplicates of each troop type you can include in your army.

This limit applies only to duplicate Special or Rare unit choices of the same type, not to the total number of Special and Rare units overall.

Note that this limit applies to the basic troop type and isn't dependent on the size of the unit or optional war gear.

Two Units For One Choice

Some units are listed as taking up a single choice. As implied, this means that these two units count only as one choice.

GRAND ARMY

In a grand army, you can include up to 6 duplicate Special choices and 4 duplicate Rare choices.

If choosing an army of 3,000 points or more, it is considered to be a 'grand' army, with enough patronage, cash or muscle to get a larger supply of scarce units: up to 6 duplicate Special choices, and up to 4 duplicate Rare choices.

ARMY SELECTION SUMMARY TABLE

You must always include at least three non-character units, plus one Lord or Hero to be your General.

| | Points Limit | Duplicate Choices |
|---------|--------------|-------------------|
| Lords | Up to 25% | No limit |
| Heroes | Up to 25% | No limit |
| Core | 25% or more | No limit |
| Special | Up to 50% | Up to 3 |
| Rare | Up to 25% | Up to 2 |



LORDS

Nicholas Warfoot

Points/model: 175

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Nicholas | 4 | 6 | 7 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 7 | 4 | 10 |

You may only include one Nicholas Warfoot in your army.

Equipment:

- Warfoot's Blade
- Warfoot's Crest
- Aladora's Necklace
- Potion of War
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider
- Grand Commandant

Options:

Mount (once choice only):

Pony

Battle Ram

10pts

12pts

Clegg the Indomitable

Points/model: 185

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Clegg | 4 | 5 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 8 | 4 | 10 |

You may only include one Clegg in your army.

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Light armour
- Magic 'Swag' Bag

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider
- Poisoned Attacks
- Scout
- They Won't Even Notice...
- Sneaky
- Take it and Run!

Character Mounts

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Pony | 7 | 2 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 5 |
| Battle Ram | 7 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 5 |
| Angry Swan | 3 | 4 | 0 | 3 | - | - | 5 | 1 | 6 |

Special Rules

Battle Ram: Hill Strider, Thunderous Charge

Angry Swan: Fly, Nasty Temper

LORDS

Elder

Points/model: 65

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Elder | 4 | 5 | 7 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 7 | 4 | 10 |

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider

Options:

Close Combat Weapon (one choice only):

| | |
|------------------------|------|
| Morning star | 3pts |
| Spear | 3pts |
| Great weapon | 6pts |
| Additional hand weapon | 6pts |

Armour:

| | |
|--------------|------|
| Light armour | 3pts |
| Shield | 3pts |

Ranged Weapon (one choice only):

| | |
|-------|-------|
| Bow | 15pts |
| Sling | 15pts |

Mount (one choice only):

| | |
|------------|-------|
| Pony | 12pts |
| Battle Ram | 15pts |
| Angry Swan | 30pts |

Magic Items:

| | |
|------------------|--------|
| Up to a total of | 100pts |
|------------------|--------|

Grand Enchanter

Points/model: 165

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-----------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Grand Enchanter | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 5 | 1 | 9 |

Magic:

- A Grand Enchanter is a Level 3 Wizard who may choose spells from the Lore of Fire, Life, Heavens, Beasts and Moot Magic lists.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider
- Resistant to Magic

Options:

Magic:

| | |
|----------------------------|-------|
| Upgraded to level 4 Wizard | 35pts |
|----------------------------|-------|

- Hand weapon

Magic Items:

| | |
|------------------|--------|
| Up to a total of | 100pts |
|------------------|--------|

HEROES

Gabbo Flugbend

Points/model: 145

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Gabbo | 4 | 5 | 7 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 |
| Greywing | 8 | 4 | 0 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 6 |

You may only include one Gabbo Flugbend in your army.

Equipment:

- The Hunting Spear
- Light armour
- Mesh Net
- Animal Nets

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Fly

Mount:

- Greywing

Ogglethorpe Bulnhelm, Traveling Chef

Points/model: 155

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Ogglethorpe | 4 | 4 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 |
| Hot Pot | - | - | - | - | 4 | 2 | - | - | - |
| Cook | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |

You may only include one Ogglethorpe Bulnhelm in your army.

Equipment:

- Great weapon
- Bow
- Light armour
- Cathayan Spices
- Fireroot Pepper

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- It's Lunch Time!
- War Machine
- Hot Pot

Tom Longshaft, the Lumberjack

Points/model: 65

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-----|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Tom | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 8 |

You may only include one Tom Longshaft in your army.

Equipment:

- Great weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider
- Timber

Jolly Bolbottom, the Innkeeper

Points/model: 75

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Jolly | 4 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 |

You may only include one Tom Longshaft in your army.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Antique Handgun
- Golden Gunpowder
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider
- Quick Draw

HEROES

Sheriff

Points/model: 35

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Sheriff | 4 | 4 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 6 | 3 | 9 |

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider

Options:

Close Combat Weapon (one choice only):

| | |
|------------------------|------|
| Morning star | 2pts |
| Spear | 4pts |
| Great weapon | 4pts |
| Additional hand weapon | 4pts |

Armour:

| | |
|--------------|------|
| Light armour | 2pts |
| Shield | 2pts |

Ranged Weapon (one choice only):

| | |
|-------|-------|
| Bow | 10pts |
| Sling | 10pts |

Mount (one choice only):

| | |
|------------|-------|
| Pony | 8pts |
| Battle Ram | 12pts |
| Angry Swan | 30pts |

Magic Items:

| | |
|------------------|-------|
| Up to a total of | 50pts |
|------------------|-------|

Enchanter

Points/model: 60

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Enchanter | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 8 |

Magic:

- A Enchanter is a Level 1 Wizard who may choose spells from the Lore of Fire, Life, Heavens, Beasts and Moot Magic lists.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider
- Resistant to Magic

Options:

Magic:

| | |
|----------------------------|-------|
| Upgraded to level 2 Wizard | 35pts |
|----------------------------|-------|

- Hand weapon

Magic Items:

| | |
|------------------|-------|
| Up to a total of | 50pts |
|------------------|-------|

HEROES

Master Chef

Points/model: 60

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Master Chef | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 9 |

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider
- It's Lunch Time!

Armour:

Light armour
Shield

2pts
2pts

Ranged Weapon (one choice only):

Bow
Sling

9pts
10pts

Mount (one choice only):

Pony

15pts

Options:

Close Combat Weapon (one choice only):

Great weapon
Additional hand weapon

4pts
4pts

Magic Items:

Up to a total of

50pts

Master Thief

Points/model: 90

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|--------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Master Thief | 4 | 4 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 |

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider
- Scout
- They Won't Even Notice...
- Sneaky
- Take it and Run!

Options:

Armour:

Light armour

2pts

Ranged Weapon (one choice only):

Bow
Sling
Throwing Knives

10pts
10pts
5pts

Magic Items:

Up to a total of

50pts

CORE

Militia

Points/model: 3

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Militia | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Constable | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 |

Unit Size:

- 10+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider

Options:

Command:

- Upgrade one Militia to a Sergeant **8pts**
- Upgrade one Militia to a Musician **4pts**
- Upgrade one Militia to a Standard Bearer **8pts**

Weapons:

- Spear **½pt/model**
- Great weapon **1pt/model**
- Bow **3pts/model**
- Sling **3pts/model**

Armour:

- Shield **1pt/model**

Rangers

Points/model: 9

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Ranger | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Tracker | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 |

Unit Size:

- 10-20

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Bow

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Skirmish

Options:

- Upgrade to Scouts **2pts/model**

Command:

- Upgrade one Ranger to a Tracker **5pts**
- Upgrade one Ranger to a Musician **5pts**

Vigilante Guard

Points/model: 6

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Vigilante | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Deputy | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 |

Unit Size:

- 10+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Spear
- Shield
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider

Options:

Command:

- Upgrade one Vigilante to a Deputy **10pts**
- Upgrade one Vigilante to a Musician **5pts**
- Upgrade one Vigilante to a Standard Bearer **10pts**
- A Standard Bearer may carry a magic standard worth up to **25pts**

Weapons:

- Swap spear with halberd **free**
- Bow **3pts/model**

CORE

Hobilar

Points/model: 9

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Hobilar | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Roadwarden | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 |
| Pony | 7 | 2 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 5 |

Unit Size:

- 5+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider
- Fast Cavalry
- Omph!

Mount:

- Pony

Options:

Command:

- Upgrade one Hobilar to a Roadwarden **10pts**
- Upgrade one Hobilar to a Musician **5pts**
- Upgrade one Hobilar to a Standard Bearer **10pts**

Weapons:

- Spear **1pt/model**
- Bow **3pts/model**
- Sling **3pts/model**

Armour:

- Shield **1pt/model**

Fieldwardens

Points/model: 7

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Fieldwarden | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Marshal | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 |

Unit Size:

- 10-30

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Sling

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider
- Ambushers

Options:

- Upgrade to Skirmishers **2pts/model**

Command:

- Upgrade one Fieldwarden to a Marshal **10pts**
- Upgrade one Fieldwarden to a Musician **5pts**
- Upgrade one Fieldwarden to a Standard Bearer **10pts**

Housewives

Points/model: 5

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Housewife | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Matron | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 |

Unit Size:

- 10+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider
- Women's Wrath

Options:

Command:

- Upgrade one Housewife to a Matron **8pts**
- Upgrade one Housewife to a Musician **4pts**
- Upgrade one Housewife to a Standard Bearer **8pts**
- A Standard Bearer may carry a magic standard worth up to **25pts**

Weapons:

- Additional hand weapon **2pts/model**

SPECIAL

Thieves

Points/model: 11

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Thief | 5 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |
| Rogue | 5 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 6 | 2 | 8 |

Unit Size:

- 5-20

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider
- Scouts
- Skirmishers
- Oh, Shiny!
- Take it and Run!

Options:

Command:

Upgrade one Thief to a Rogue

12pts

Weapons:

Throwing knives

2pts/model

Pantry Guard

Points/model: 5

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|--------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Pantry Guard | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 9 |
| Cookmaster | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 9 |
| Chuck Wagon | 4 | - | - | - | 5 | 4 | - | 0 | - |
| Aurochs | 7 | 3 | 0 | 4 | - | - | 3 | 1 | - |

Note: Your army may only contain 1 Chuck Wagon. The Chuck Wagon may carry one Inn Emblem chosen from the Magic Items list.

Unit Size:

- 10+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider

Options:

Chuck Wagon

50pts

Command:

Upgrade one Pantry Guard to a Cookmaster

8pts

Upgrade one Pantry Guard to a Musician

4pts

Upgrade one Pantry Guard to a Standard Bearer

8pts

A Standard Bearer may carry a magic standard worth up to

50pts

Weapons:

Additional hand weapon

2pts/model

Great weapon

1pt/model

Armour:

Light armour

1pt/model

Shield

1pt/model

Beeswarms

Points/model: 30

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-----------|-----|----|----|---|---|---|---|-----|----|
| Beeswarm | 2D6 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 3 | 2D6 | 4 |
| Beekeeper | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |

You receive 1 Beekeeper with every Beeswarm purchased.

Unit Size:

- 3-10

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider
- Skirmishers
- Swarm

SPECIAL

Lords of the Harvest

Points/model: 8

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Harvestlord | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 9 |
| Gangleader | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 3 | 9 |

Unit Size:

- 10+

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider
- Fight in Extra Ranks
- Kick'em in the Shins!

Options:

Command:

- Upgrade one Harvestlord to a Gangleader **10pts**
- Upgrade one Harvestlord to a Musician **5pts**
- Upgrade one Harvestlord to a Standard Bearer **10pts**
- A Standard Bearer may carry a magic standard worth up to **25pts**

Weapons:

- Sling **2pts/model**

Dawg Riders

Points/model: 14

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Dawg Rider | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |
| Kennel Master | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 |
| Dawg | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 |

Unit Size:

- 5+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- Bow

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Forest Strider
- Fast Cavalry
- Go Get 'Em, Boy!

Mount:

- Dawg

Options:

Command:

- Upgrade one Dawg Rider to a Kennel Master **7pts**
- Upgrade one Dawg Rider to a Musician **7pts**
- Upgrade one Dawg Rider to a Standard Bearer **14pts**

Weapons:

- Spear **1pt/model**

Swan Riders

Points/model: 21

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Swan Rider | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Airborne | 4 | 2 | 6 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Angry Swan | 3 | 4 | 0 | 3 | - | - | 5 | 1 | 6 |

Unit Size:

- 3+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Bow

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Flying Cavalry
- Nasty Temper

Mount:

- Angry Swan

Options:

Command:

- Upgrade one Swan Rider to an Airborne **8pts**
- Upgrade one Swan Rider to a Musician **8pts**

Weapons:

- Spear **1pt/model**

RARE

Ram Riders

Points/model: 15

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Ram Rider | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 9 |
| Moot Knight | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 9 |
| Battle Ram | 7 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 5 |

Unit Size:

- 5+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Spear
- Light armour
- Shield

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Hill Strider
- Thunderous Charge

Mount:

- Battle Ram

Options:

Command:

- Upgrade one Ram Rider to a Moot Knight **14pts**
- Upgrade one Ram Rider to a Musician **7pts**
- Upgrade one Ram Rider to a Standard Bearer **14pts**
- A Standard Bearer may carry a magic standard worth up to **50pts**

Armour:

- Heavy armour **2pts/model**

The Reaper

Points/model: 90

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Reaper | - | - | - | 5 | 5 | 4 | - | - | - |
| Farmer | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Aurochs | 7 | 3 | 0 | 4 | - | - | 3 | 1 | - |
| Sheep Dog | 7 | 3 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 7 |

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Great weapon

Special Rules:

- Chariot
- Deadly tools
- Get Off My Land!
- Sheep Dog

Crew:

3 Farmers

Drawn by:

2 Aurochs

Armour Save:

4+

Options:

- May be accompanied by 1-3 Sheep Dogs **6pts/model**

The Shearer

Points/Shearer: 45

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Shearer | - | - | - | 4 | 4 | 3 | - | - | - |
| Farmer | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |
| Battle Ram | 7 | 3 | 0 | 3 | - | - | 3 | 1 | 5 |
| Sheep Dog | 7 | 3 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 7 |

Note: You may take 1-2 Shearers as a single Rare Choice.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Great weapon

Special Rules:

- Chariot
- Deadly tools
- Get Off My Land!
- Sheep Dog

Crew:

2 Farmers

Drawn by:

2 Battle Rams

Armour Save:

5+

Options:

- May be accompanied by 1-2 Sheep Dogs **6pts/model**

RARE

Moot Ogres

Points/model: 30

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Moot Ogre | 6 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 7 |
| Ogre Brute | 6 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 7 |

Unit Size:

- 3+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Fear
- Impact Hits (1)

Options:

Command:

- Upgrade one Moot Ogre to an Ogre Brute **20pts**
- Upgrade one Moot Ogre to a Musician **10pts**
- Upgrade one Moot Ogre to a Standard Bearer **20pts**

Weapons:

- Additional hand weapon **3pts/model**
- Great weapon **6pts/model**

Armour:

- Light armour **3pts/model**

Halfling Hot Pot

Points/model: 50

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Hot Pot | - | - | - | - | 4 | 2 | - | - | - |
| Cook | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 |

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Short & Stout
- Hot Pot

Unit Size: 1 Hot Pot & 3 crew.

'Kathleen' Halftank

Points/model: 150

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Halftank | 6 | - | - | 5 | 6 | 6 | - | - | 10 |

Unit Size: 1

Armour Save: 2+

Equipment:

Soup Cannon

Special Rules:

- Large Target
- Unbreakable
- Fear
- Nearly Irresistible Force
- Soup Cannon

HAND-ME-DOWNS AND BRIC-A-BRAC

In this section is a list of the 'Halfling only' magic items. These items can only be used by models from this book. Magic items must be selected within the points limitations set by the army list section. Note that the rules for magic items presented in the Warhammer rulebook also apply to the 'Halfling only' magic items.

MAGIC WEAPONS

The Reaper Scythe 65 pts

This fearsome implement of slaughter glows with baleful energies. Where once it was a mere tool of the harvest, it was this scythe that found the neck of the Orc Warboss Grubgutz and saved many Moot dwellers from the terrors of the Orc's invasion. Since that day, the scythe has passed from wielder to wielder, unerringly seeking the throats of enemy generals and warlords.

Great weapon. The Reaper Scythe grants the wielder the Killing Blow rule, as well as one extra attack for each enemy infantry model in base contact.

Bow of Corngold 70 pts

This much renowned weapon is reputed to have belonged to Daergal Corngold; a notoriously foul tempered and territorial farmer with great crafting skill and a habit of opening fire upon anyone who so much as set foot in one of his fields. His reputation, however, may have been misleading, for upon closer inspection the arrows that he fired were made from golden corn, and lacked a killing edge.

Bow. The Bow of Corngold gives the wielder the Sniper rule. Any model hit by the bow must pass a Strength and a Toughness test, as if he were the target of the Famine spell from The Lore of the Moot.

Foe Slayer 45 pts

A weapon from ancient battles against the goblins, Foe Slayer is perfectly suited to slaughter hordes of enemies.

The wielder gains +1 Strength and +1 Attack for each enemy in base contact with Toughness 3 or lower.

Gilded Ladle 35 pts

Beautifully crafted from the finest gold, this exquisite ladle endows its bearer with improved strength and gives him the ability to heal wounds with its contents.

Master Chef only. The wielder gains +1 Strength. In the Halfling Magic Phase, the Master Chef may attempt to heal one lost wound on himself or another model within 3". Roll a D6; on a 4+ the wound is recovered.

Bow of Apple Oak 35 pts

This ancient bow is said to have been constructed from the boughs of a great Apple Oak Tree plucked from a legendary apple orchard said to be infused with raw magic!

Bow. The bearer of the bow may fire up to four times in the shooting phase; these must all be fired at the same target. Any shots fired with this bow counts as Magical.

Spear of Justice 30 pts

Carried by the Chief Sheriff of the Moot this badge of offices makes the wielder a match for even the mightiest of enemy champions.

Spear. A model carrying the Spear of Justice gains +1 to his Weapon Skill, Strength and Initiative characteristics.

Champion Chef's Cleaver 30 pts

Every year a competition is held to find the best Chef in all the Moot. This is taken very seriously by the Halflings and some train for many years before entering. The victor gains the title of Champion Chef and an extremely sharp cleaver.

The wielder always wounds on at least a 4+. Armour saves against the Cleaver suffer a -3 penalty.

Old Hopeful 25 pts

Old Hopeful was once the sling of David Yellowbelly, who supposedly routed an entire army by slaying a giant with one shot.

Sling. Any shots fired with this weapon have the Heroic Killing Blow rule.

The Bladderwhack of Billy Ouphe 20 pts

This peculiar sheep's bladder on a stick was created by the young, naive and stupid shepherd Billy `Ouphe as a gift for the druids of the downs (a group in which the poor young Halfling had put much faith). Fingle Dingberry himself blessed this extraordinary cudgel, but when the enchantment had no obvious effect he returned the weapon immediately.

Flail. Roll a D6 at start of each close combat the Bladderwhack is used. On a 6, all attacks made by it will be resolved at Strength 10 and cause D6 Wounds.

MAGIC ARMOUR

Buckler of the Red Rooster 40 pts

A worn buckler, passed down through Halfling family to Halfling family, its origin lost in the ages. It depicts a red rooster spreading its wings in front of a rising sun.

Shield. The wearer ignores the first hit suffered each close combat phase.

The Wheatshield 35 pts

This shield is nothing more than a sheaf of wheat wrapped around some spare fencing wire, however it has become a symbol of all that is held dear in The Moot. The Wheatshield also features in the Imperial Heraldry of The Moot (although this in itself is nothing to be proud of). Imbued with the hope of its people, The Wheatshield is only wielded at the height of the harvest, when its year-old sheaf is replaced with the finest cut of the new harvest.

Shield. The Wheatshield confers a 5+ regeneration save upon it's wielder. Once the bearer is reduced to his final wound, this regeneration save is improved to 3+.

TALISMANS

Lucky's Collar 50pts

Lucky was a riding dog famed for his ability to avoid even the most dire of blows and (reputedly) dodge cannonballs. Sadly the same could not be said of his riders, who rarely survived these narrow escapes. None the less, when lucky eventually did meet his end at the grand age of fourteen, his collar was flogged to the highest bidder as a potent good-luck charm.

Lucky's collar bestows a 2+ ward save upon the bearer, however every time the wearer successfully saves a wound (by any means), one friendly model in base contact immediately suffers the wound instead, with no saves of any kind allowed. If there are no eligible models to redirect the wound onto, then this save may not be taken.

Brooch of Pepperfoot 50 pts

The courageous sheriff Peter Pepperfoot proudly displays his family heirloom by securing his patrol cloak with this peppermint leaf-shaped brooch. According to the good sheriff he has escaped many fatal attacks due to the heirloom lucky aura.

The bearer of the brooch gains a 5+ ward save which may be re-rolled.

The Oakgnarl

25 pts

This suit of armour was forged from the bark of one of the eldest Treemen in The Moot, after it was torn off by the ogre bruiser Dench Frogbelly. The armour confers upon its wearer a portion of that great oak's resilience and fortitude.

Heavy armour. The Oakgnarl confers +1 Toughness and a 5+ Scaly Skin save upon the wearer. However, the wearer also becomes Flammable.

Gromril Shirt 30 pts

This lightweight chain mail shirt made of gromril was originally forged for a Dwarf warrior, though eventually found its way to the Moot.

The Gromril Shirt gives the wearer a 4+ armour save and Magic Resistance (2) .

Cooking Pot Helm 15 pts

All Halfling Chefs carry a small, sturdy cooking pot for emergencies. Sometimes things are so dire they must eat the contents and place it on their head.

The Cooking Pot Helm confers a 6+ armour save. In addition, the wearer is immune to Killing Blow and Armour Piercing effects.

Elven Way Cloak 35 pts

Woven from the silk of the rare Ness Spiders and the fur of bats, this cloak magically distorts space around the wearer making him seemingly blend in with his surroundings.

All enemy Shooting and Close Combat attacks suffer a -1 penalty to their To Hit rolls against the wearer of the Way Cloak.



Lucky Charm 10 pts

Haflings like to collect small, unique trinkets such as rings and other jewellery, which are considered to bring about good luck. Sometimes they really are good luck!

One use only. The Halfling player may reroll any dice roll directly affecting the bearer of the Lucky Charm. The second result stands. A Halfling army may include multiple Lucky Charms and a character may even carry more than one Lucky Charm.

ARCANE ITEMS

Cockerel Scroll 55 pts

This scroll is one of many scrolls of culinary magic produced by the Enchanters. This particular scroll has always been a favourite of the Halflings, as the cockerel forms part of the imperial heraldry of The Moot, and the Halflings feel a sense of identity with these creatures on account of their cowardly natures.

This scroll is declared and used in response to an enemy Wizard successfully casting a spell. Once the spell has resolved, the caster immediately begins to transform into a cockerel, a process that begins with the mind and ends with the body. In each subsequent turn, the caster's Leadership is reduced by 1 for the remainder of the game, and he must also pass a Leadership Test or else be bodily transformed into poultry.

Poultry have 1 for all of their characteristics and may not channel or cast spells. Once transformed, the poultry may attempt to change back at the start of his own magic phase, requiring a roll of a 6 on a D6.



Mug of Spirits 20 pts

This Mug is no different from those used in the feast halls and bars, with the slight exception that the spirits it contains are of the Fay and not the alcoholic varieties, coaxed into the mug with alcohol and then trapped by a non-spill lid.

Bound Spell, Power Level 4. The bearer of the mug may release its contents in the start of his magic phase. If successfully cast, a befuddling aura about is created around all friendly units within 12" of the caster. Enemies attempting to fire at units within this area must re-roll all successful rolls to Hit with missile weapons.

Wizard's Gift 20 pts

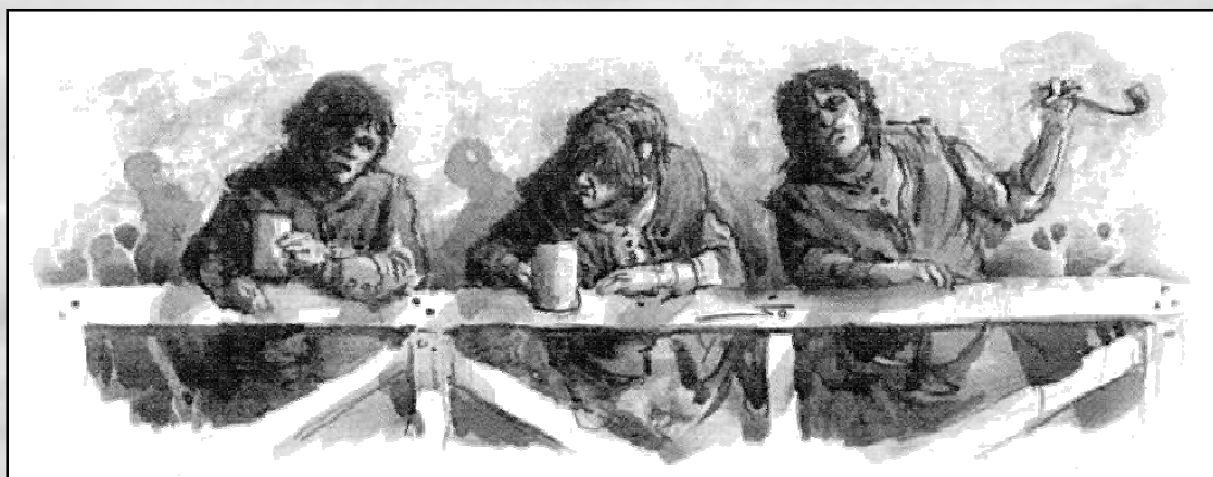
Travelling wizards are always frequenting the Moot as they are most fond of the Halflings. Occasionally they will leave a small trinket as a gift before moving on.

One use only. Use once the winds of magic have been rolled. The bearer adds +D6 dice to dispel pool.

Dram of Invigoration 10 pts

Used by apothecaries in The Moot to cure everything from the common cold to broken bones, this dram of highly alcoholic beverage is a must-have for any Halfling battle effort.

One use only. Declared at the start of the magic phase, the dram may be swallowed, instantly restoring one wound to the bearer.



ENCHANTED ITEMS

Outlandish Uniform

45 pts

The Halfling has clad himself in a particularly distinctive (and often outright ridiculous) outfit that allows those near him to see that he still stands resolute.

All friendly units within 8" of the character gain +1 to their Combat Resolution. However the character may never refuse a challenge, as it is hard to hide in such foppish clothes.

The Beefup Bauble

30pts

This culinary trinket consist of a glass sphere containing a variety of coloured capsules, which when consumed grant the bearer strange powers, which, for the most part, are highly beneficial.

At the start of the magic phase, the bearer of this item may declare that he is eating up to one of its contents, if the bearer elects to do this, consult the following chart to see what effect the bauble has:

- 1 The bearer immediately suffers a wound, with no saves of any kind allowed.
- 2-3 No effect.
- 4 The bearer gains +1S and +1T.
- 5 The bearer gains +1A, +1WS and +1I.
- 6 The Bearer Immediately Emits a S5 breath weapon attack that ignores armour saves and then loses any statistics bonuses previously gained from this item.

The Laurel and the Dove

30 pts

Having grown swiftly bored of the bardic profession, Grimbleman Grange created these items after becoming an artist and then sculptor. The 'laurel' is an apparently useless item of foliage, until held by the clay dove, which then springs to life to rain rocks and less desirable projectiles upon the foe.

The bearer of this item has a magical ranged attack with a range of 24" and that always hits on a 2+. The attack causes D6 S2 hits, and may be fired as well as any ranged weapon carried by the character. If a 1 is rolled to Hit, the bearer receives a 'pat on the head', taking a S2 hit himself.

Dimminu's Lockpick

30 pts

Perhaps the greatest Halfling Thief to have ever graced the guilds, Dimminu of Tilea was small even for a Halfling, and was said to have been able to enter any building undetected. Amongst his ill gotten gains were the Sword-Axes of Ostland, the legendary Golden-Rooster of Luccini, and Michél Angelo's Moaning Lianna.

Master Thief only. The bearer may re-roll the result on the chart when attempting to steal an enemy magic item.

Black Pepper Spray

30 pts

Black Pepper is an extremely hot spice used in many of the most famous of Halfling delicacies. Such is its intensity that, when consumed, it can dissolve a Man's stomach! For battle, black pepper is distilled into a scorching, liquid solvent that burns and irritates the enemy.

One use only. When used, all enemy models within 6" of the bearer of the black pepper spray must re-roll all successful rolls to Hit in close combat, and suffer a -1 penalty on all their close combat rolls to Wound.

Merchants Tankard

30 pts

Although the name of the original owner of this magical mug is long forgotten, his ability to barter, buy, borrow and steal is not.

After deployment is complete, roll a D6. On a 3+ your opponent loses one random magic item from their army list.

Bimbo's Book of Sage Advice

25 pts

'Sage Advice' is baffling for a good talking to. The Book enables its bearer to give some sound advice to his army.

At the beginning of the game roll a D6:

- 1-2 One unit may re-roll 1's to Hit with missile weapons
- 3-4 One unit may re-roll 1's to Hit in close combat.
- 5-6 One unit receives +1 to its combat resolution.

The Glove of Sneaky Pinching

10 pts

This item was the product of a deranged Enchanter and a torn up Arabyan flying carpet. Not wanting to waste the material from such an ex-magical specialty, the Halfling in question used the fabric to make this glove, which still retains a memory of flight. Many an enemy champion has issued a challenge against this item's owner only to reach for their weapons and find them gone.

Master Thief. If the wearer of this glove is fighting in a challenge, his opponent must take an Initiative test at the start of each close combat phase. If failed, he may not use his weapon this round.

Magic Drumstick

10 pts

A plump and great smelling piece of meat, who knows what wonders the drumstick perform when eaten.

One use only. The Drumstick may be eaten at the beginning of any turn and gives its eater +1 to his Weapon Skill, +1 to his Strength and +1 to his Attacks for the rest of the turn.

MAGIC STANDARDS

Standard of the Moot 50 pts

A gift from the people of the Empire, the Standard of the Moot is a symbol of the hopes and endeavours of the entire Halfling race. This tawdry and tattered banner bears the imperial heraldry of The Moot, and is one of the few items in the world capable of actually unifying Halflings behind a cause in great numbers, indeed it is considered the greatest of honours to be chosen to carry this banner, and it will only be given to those old and responsible enough to bear it with due respect. The Banner of the Moot was saturated in tomato juice and oxtail soup that emanates an odour filling the Halflings under its sway with nourishment and courage.

The unit carrying this banner and all units who deploy within 8" of it may add +1 to their result on the Unquenchable Appetite table.

Honeycomb Banner 45 pts

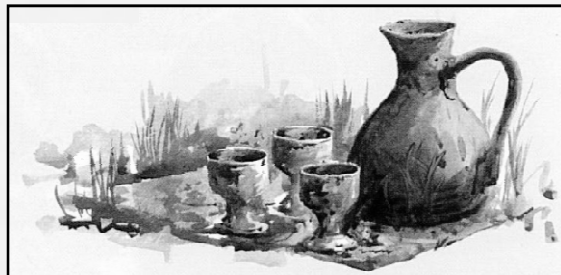
The Honeycomb banner drips with golden, syrupy sweetness that compels the Halflings under its sway into a crazed mob akin to that of a swarm of angry bumblebees!

The unit carrying the banner gains +1 Strength and the Frenzy rule.

The Standard of the Jolly Halfling 40 pts

The home banner of the 'Jolly Halfling' Inn (owned currently by Roscoe Grogfinger himself), the Halflings near this item always seem to be affected by a magical stupor, as if drunk upon the winds of magic themselves.

The unit containing this banner gain +1 to their Toughness, but are subject to Stupidity.



Washing Line 25 pts

Nobody, but nobody dare get this washing dirty or there'll be hell to pay!

Housewives only. The unit carrying this banner is subject to Hatred. Roll a D6 at the start of each subsequent close combat round. On a 4+, the Housewives laundry have gotten some nasty smudges on them during the fighting, and outraged, they may re-roll failed rolls to Hit this round as well.

INN EMBLEMS

The Timber Wolf Inn 50 pts

This famous inn has worked many times with the task of filling the cart food supplies. The determination of a Halfling to defend their food is always great, but is even greater when it comes to the famous steaks from the Timber Wolf.

The unit accompanied by a Chuck Wagon carrying this Emblem gain double their normal combat resolution bonus for ranks.

The Silver Horn Inn 50 pts

Homemade liqueurs from the Silver Horn Inn are known and appreciated throughout the whole Empire. Some of the most popular are the hazelnut and cherry, but they all have in common a high ranking. An experienced cook will know that many of these spirits must be served before the battle to boost the morale of the troops, without allowing it to have negative effects on the Halflings' abilities.

The unit accompanied by a Chuck Wagon carrying this Emblem roll 3D6 for all their Leadership tests and discards the highest.

Grandma Fraunuan's Pastries 40 pts

Grandma Frenuan is a lovely old lady with a small bakery that she caters herself. Her pastries and sweets are very popular, and never will a child willing to do an errand or an adult happy to help out Grandma Frenuan refuse if the reward is one of her delicious blueberry tarts. During a battle the effect is similar; the Halflings try to impress the chef of the car so as a reward, they will receive one of these delicious sweets.

The unit accompanied by a Chuck Wagon carrying this Emblem may re-roll all failed rolls to Hit in Close Combat.

Inn of the Flying Pig 30 pts

Well known for its rich stew of venison, The Flying Pig has won a place in the hearts of all Halflings when they offered food and shelter to dozens of homeless Halflings, as The Flying Pig was one of the few establishments to survive the Storm of Chaos.

The unit accompanied by a Chuck Wagon carrying this Emblem is Immune to Psychology.

REFERENCE

| LORDS | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Type | Base Size | Page |
|-----------------|----------|-----------|-----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|-----------|-------------|------------------|-------------|
| Nicholas | 4 | 6 | 7 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 7 | 4 | 10 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Clegg | 4 | 5 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 8 | 4 | 10 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Elder | 4 | 5 | 7 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 7 | 4 | 10 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Grand Enchanter | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 5 | 1 | 9 | I | 20x20mm | |
| HEROES | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Type | Base Size | Page |
| Gabbo Flugbend | 4 | 5 | 7 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Greywing | 8 | 4 | 0 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 6 | MB | 40x40mm | |
| Ogglethorpe | 4 | 4 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Tom Longshaft | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 8 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Jolly Bolbottom | 4 | 3 | 6 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Sheriff | 4 | 4 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 6 | 3 | 9 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Enchanter | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 8 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Master Chef | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 9 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Master Thief | 4 | 4 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 7 | 3 | 9 | I | 20x20mm | |
| CORE | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Type | Base Size | Page |
| Militia | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Constable | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Ranger | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Tracker | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Vigilante | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Deputy | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Hobilar | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | Ca | 25x50mm | |
| Roadwarden | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 | Ca | 25x50mm | |
| Fieldwarden | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Marshal | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Housewife | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Matron | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 8 | I | 20x20mm | |
| SPECIAL | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Type | Base Size | Page |
| Thief | 5 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Rogue | 5 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 6 | 2 | 8 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Pantry Guard | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 9 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Cookmaster | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 9 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Chuck Wagon | 4 | - | - | - | 5 | 4 | - | 0 | - | Un | 60x40mm | |
| Aurochs | 7 | 3 | 0 | 4 | - | - | 3 | 1 | - | - | - | |
| Beeswarm | 2D6 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 3 | 2D6 | 4 | Sw | 40x40mm | |
| Beekeeper | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Harvestlord | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 9 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Gangleader | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 3 | 9 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Dawg Rider | 4 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 | Ca | 25x50mm | |
| Kennel Master | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 6 | 1 | 8 | Ca | 25x50mm | |
| Swan Rider | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 8 | MC | 40x40mm | |
| Airborne | 4 | 2 | 6 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | MC | 40x40mm | |
| RARE | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Type | Base Size | Page |
| Ram Rider | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 9 | Ca | 25x50mm | |
| Moot Knight | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 9 | Ca | 25x50mm | |
| Reaper | - | - | - | 5 | 5 | 4 | - | - | - | Ch | 50x100mm | |
| Farmer | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | - | - | |
| Aurochs | 7 | 3 | 0 | 4 | - | - | 3 | 1 | - | - | - | |
| Sheep Dog | 7 | 3 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 7 | WB | 25x50mm | |
| Shearer | - | - | - | 4 | 4 | 3 | - | - | - | - | - | |
| Farmer | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | - | - | |
| Battle Ram | 7 | 3 | 0 | 3 | - | - | 3 | 1 | 5 | - | - | |
| Moot Ogre | 6 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 7 | MI | 40x40mm | |
| Ogre Brute | 6 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 3 | 7 | MI | 40x40mm | |
| Hot Pot | - | - | - | - | 4 | 2 | - | - | - | WM | - | |
| Cook | 4 | 2 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 8 | I | 20x20mm | |
| Halftank | 6 | - | - | 5 | 6 | 6 | - | - | 10 | Un | 50x100mm | |
| MOUNTS | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Type | Base Size | Page |
| Pony | 7 | 2 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 5 | WB | 25x50mm | |
| Dawg | 9 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 | WB | 25x50mm | |
| Angry Swan | 3 | 4 | 0 | 3 | - | - | 5 | 1 | 6 | MB | 40x40mm | |
| Battle Ram | 7 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 5 | WB | 25x50mm | |

WARHAMMER

HALFLINGS

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A comprehensive section that delves into the history and land of Kislev, the lives and culture of its people, and their wars.

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Descriptions of the many warriors and creatures that make up the Halfling army. Here you will find the powerful characters and the brave and loyal troops that march forth from the Moot.

THE ARMY OF THE MOOT

A guide of the Halfling miniatures available for the collector, as well as colour schemes, army ideas and banner designs for those looking to field a Halfling army on the battlefield.

THE HALFLING ARMY LIST

The army list allows you to gather your miniatures into a Halfling army ready for battle.

"All the Big Folk think we're either cooks or thieves. It's wrong, I tell you. Do we nor have rights as Imperial citizens? Aren't Halflings whole people?"

- Nicholas Warfoot

South-east of the Empire can be found the Moot, the land of the Halflings. Wishing nothing more than to eat, drink and be generally merry, the Halflings are a peaceful and pastoral people, but their bravery in defence of their homeland should not be doubted.

When the time of need is great, every able Halfling muster to defend their homes against any would-be raiders trying to steal their pies!

Warhammer Armies: Halflings is one of a series of supplements for Warhammer. Each book in the series describes in detail an army, its history and its heroes.



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|--------------|-----------------|
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